

APRIL 3, 1978

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For Israel

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"How safe do you feel in your car?
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So if you're looking for a station wagon that's big enough to hold a family of five (and their luggage) comfortably, you have a basic choice.

You can buy a wagon that was designed primarily with bigness in mind.

Or one that was also designed to be safe.

*Survey conducted among owners of new cars bought in May, 1977.

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VOLVO. A CAR YOU CAN BELIEVE IN.

"I have my own ideas about smoking."

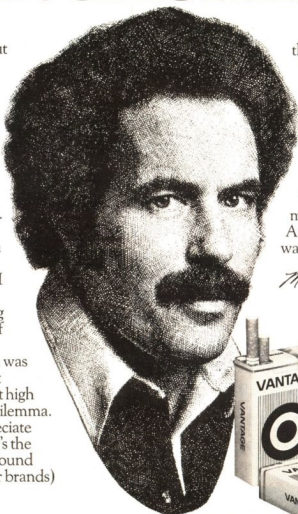
"I know what I like out of life. And one of the things I like is smoking. But there's no getting away from the stories I keep hearing about cigarettes and high tar.

"There's also no getting away from why I smoke. I smoke for the pleasure of it. For the taste. And for enjoying a cigarette after my long day as a teacher.

"Then at night when I work my other job—as a drummer—I enjoy lighting up between sets. It's part of the way I live.

"For me, the dilemma was how to find a cigarette that could give me taste without high tar. And that was quite a dilemma.

"Which is why I appreciate Vantage as much as I do. It's the only low-tar cigarette I've found (and I've tried several other brands)



that really gives me cigarette taste and satisfaction.

"And the Vantage filter is especially neat because it's firm yet easy drawing.

"As far as Vantage goes, my mind is made up. And that's just the way I like it."

Mike Barbano

Mike Barbano
Atlanta, Georgia



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MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77;
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

A Letter from the Publisher

For such a contentious subject, TIME's special report on socialism (March 13) drew a remarkably calm and reasoned set of responses from our readers, as reflected in the excerpts printed in this week's Letters column. In contrast, the cover story on the serene Cheryl Tiegs (March 6) brought a surge of emotion-charged letters—555 at last count. Most of our critics were angry and articulate women who found the story sexist. Predictably, the most enthusiastic supporters were males who felt that the cover was, as one put it, "a breath of fresh air."

Week after week TIME's readers write, continuing a dialogue with our writers and editors that the magazine has always encouraged. In 1977, 58,518 readers sent in letters, just a bagful less than 1976's election-year record of 59,071.

Among our heaviest mail producers was the coverage of the widely acclaimed television series *Roots*, based on Alex Haley's bestselling book. Americans became fascinated with finding their own roots, and our stories drew 710 letters. A trio of articles on the clash between gay liberationists and Anita Bryant produced 997 letters; most of the correspondents were angry at Bryant. As it happened, the subject that drew the most comment was not a

story at all. When TIME's new graphic design appeared in August, most of the 1,900 comments were sharply negative. But within a month the furor had died down, and readers were writing in to say that they were warming to the changed format as to a new friend.

Every day, four or five bulging mailbags arrive on the 23rd floor of the Time-Life Building in Rockefeller Center. The letters are immediately pored over by Letters Chief Maria Luisa Cisneros and her staff. The most newsworthy are sent to Reporter-Researcher Nancy Chase, who picks those that will be published. A digest of the week's letters is also distributed to TIME's editors and news bureaus. All letters are acknowledged, and those that question the tone, emphasis or factual content of a story are answered by Cisneros, her deputy, Isabel Kouri, or one of six letters correspondents. More and more, Cisneros and her co-workers are finding that the letters are thoughtful, and require thoughtful replies. Says Cisneros: "Our writers are much

more serious now. They really mean business." All of which pleases the writers and editors of TIME, who pay close attention to the comments of their best critics.

Ralph P. Davidson



Cisneros flanked by Chase (left) and Kouri

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Cover: Photograph by Douglas Kirkland—Contact.



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AFTER 280 YEARS OF DEALING WITH ROYALTY, WE'VE LEARNED A LITTLE SOMETHING ABOUT TASTE.

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at Berry Bros. & Rudd, Ltd.

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Letters

Socialism

To the Editors:

TIME's article "Socialism: Trials and Errors" [March 13] presents an excellent defense for our present socioeconomic system against socialism. No nation, however, has adopted socialism as a result of victories in debates on the subject. Throughout history, the basic human rights have been the opportunity to obtain "food, shelter and clothing." When the existing system in a nation becomes unable to sustain those rights adequately for the majority of the people, history shows, some form of socialism inevitably has followed.

The foregoing facts obviously point to



what is the basic necessity for preserving capitalism.

Peter J. Gurklis
Lake Jackson, Texas

It seems unfair to judge socialism by the standards developed by capitalism to evaluate itself. Marx and Engels saw socialism as an outgrowth of capitalism. Initially, therefore, socialism cannot but manifest many of the characteristics, however undesirable, of the structures that gave it birth. It also seems unfair to judge the achievements of socialism so soon. It was to be only after several generations, the founders thought, that socialism would come into its own.

Ignacio L. Götz
Hempstead, N.Y.

Jordan may not be an Athenian democracy, but we surely rate better than the index score of 17 on political freedom that you accord us on your map of the world's economic systems. Jordan has never had a political execution, and His Majesty King Hussein has repeatedly pardoned those who have attacked him. No one in Jordan needs to fear for expressing his political beliefs. Free speech is a national pastime in Jordan.

You owe it to your readers to explain

how Freedom House arrived at its conclusion for such wildly varying estimates of political rights.

Shehab A. Madi
Office of the Crown Prince
Amman, Jordan

Freedom House, whose widely respected annual survey was used for our evaluations, defines freedom as it is understood in constitutionally democratic states. In judging political rights, it considers whether the leaders of a country are chosen in an open voting process, whether there are multiple political parties or at least a significant opposition, what share of the political power is exercised by elected representatives. In evaluating the civil liberties, it considers, among other things, whether there is a free press and an independent judiciary, whether censorship is applied in defense of a ruling party, to what degree the security forces respect individuals' rights, and how many people are arrested for opinions rather than violent or criminal acts.

I am somewhat surprised that you made no mention at all of Israel's experiment in social democracy, which has certainly played a major role in successfully reshaping Jewish society in its country. The kibbutz, Israel's collective farm, is perhaps the most original and certainly the most successful working model of a socialist idea.

People who know Israel will fail to understand how your Political Freedom Index could give it a lower rating than any country in the West. In spite of all threats to its security and very existence, Israel has for 30 years succeeded in maintaining its way of life as one of the freer societies in the world.

Zalman Shoval, Member of the Knesset
Jerusalem

Although they look good in theory, both capitalism and socialism have glaring weaknesses in practice. Both seem to fail because of human insufficiencies. Adam Smith would be just as disappointed in the failures of capitalism as Karl Marx would be in the tragic disasters carrying the label socialism.

Michael L. Smith
Scituate, Mass.

Considering that the U.S. opens mail, taps phones, kills demonstrators, gives LSD to unsuspecting individuals and still gets 100 on a scale of political freedom, makes me glad I don't live under an oppressive regime!

Jim Hussey
University Heights, Iowa

In your report on socialism, you repeatedly refer to the "free" social services (health care, higher education, etc.) available to citizens of socialistic countries. Of course these services are not free at all, since they require the use of the country's scarce resources. Rather than relat-

ing cost explicitly to an individual's use of these services, the cost is spread compulsorily across all taxpayers.

H. Landis Gabel
Charlottesville, Va.

Your comment that capitalism "provides the most efficient allocation of the globe's scarce resources" epitomizes your bias. Perhaps it is efficient that the largest share of the globe's resources ends up in the U.S., but is it fair?

Daphne J. Innes
Oakland, Calif.

Not Kipling's Lines

You're right! "Only one man could have written those bully lines" that prefaced R.Z. Sheppard's review of Angus Wilson's *The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling* [March 13]. It was not John Wayne. Neither, unfortunately, was it Kipling. The poem is by Sir Henry Newbolt, who hymned the public-schoolboy officer to Victorian England in much the same manner as the better known Kipling glorified the private soldier.

William P. Phenix
Detroit

Bully lines they are, these from "Vital Lampada," and Sir Henry wrote many other songs calculated to make men and women of British stock take pride in their heritage.

Kenneth W. Porter
Eugene, Ore.

Sir Henry Newbolt's lines from "Vital Lampada," beginning "There's a breathless hush in the Close tonight," were so persistently dinned into us by school coaches and chaplains back in the '20s that we were driven to scabrous parodies, the mildest of which ended, "Throw up! Throw up! and throw the game!"

Oscar Maurer
Austin, Texas

Kipling wrote many bully lines, but he sure didn't write "Play up! Play up! and play the game!" Any English school child could quote them as the work of Sir Henry Newbolt.

I was convent educated and could recite Newbolt, but Kipling was a little raunchy for the nuns of my day.

Marjorie Vanzant
Mena, Ark.

California Taxes

Rather than being a "monster," as Governor Jerry Brown warned, the amendment to limit property taxes that Howard Jarvis is promoting [March 13] could be just what California needs to stop excessive government spending.

Last year we survived the drought by learning not to waste a drop of water. Now it's time for a new California drought: a scarcity of the tax money to be drawn

Cutlass Salon takes on Audi Fox and VW Dasher.

Noticed what's happened to the price of imports today? It stands to reason that if a foreign car is going to be priced higher than an Oldsmobile Cutlass Salon, you might expect more size and room for

your money. Yet, Salon gives you more headroom, legroom and shoulder room than these imports. Plus the roomy comfort, trunk space and fuel economy you need. And, Oldsmobile engineering.

	Price	Economy		Room and Comfort						Trunk
		Power Train	EPA Mileage† Hwy., City Combined	Front Head-Room† (in.)	Front Leg-Room† (in.)	Front Shoulder-Room† (in.)	Rear Head-Room† (in.)	Rear Leg-Room† (in.)	Rear Shoulder-Room† (in.)	
Cutlass Salon Coupe	\$4715*	231 CID 6 cyl., automatic*	27-19-22	37.9	42.8	56.8	38.2	35.1	55.7	16.1
Audi Fox 849	\$6170*	97 CID 4 cyl., automatic*	29-20-23	37.6	40.9	53.9	37.3	31.7	53.3	10.7
VW Dasher 3243/83	\$6024*	97 CID 4 cyl., automatic*	29-20-23	37.6	40.9	53.9	37.0	30.5	53.3	18.4

*Manufacturers' suggested retail prices for models shown equipped with automatic transmission, including dealer prep; specific features will vary, car to car. Cal. MSRP are: Salon, \$4790; Fox, \$6280; Dasher, \$6109. Taxes, license, destination charges and other available equipment additional. Salons are equipped with GM-built engines from various divisions. See your dealer for details.

†Source: 1978 EPA data. Mileage figures are from the EPA Federal Buyer's Guide and are estimates: your mileage will vary with how and where you drive, your car's condition and equipment. Cal. EPA highway-city-combined estimates are: Salon, 23-16-18; Fox, 30-22-25; Dasher, 30-22-25.

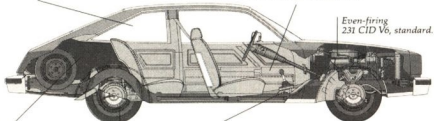
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* Egyptian Cat - Louvre Paris

Letters

from irate homeowners. Let the bureaucrats cut back on their bloated budgets and practice fiscal conservation. Tax money can be just as precious as water when the sources dry up.

*Jack Pope
San Francisco*

Grass-roots campaign? You neglected to mention that Howard Jarvis is employed by the local apartment-owners' organization. How many of them will cut rents when their taxes go down 60%?

*T.R. Donahue
Bellflower, Calif.*

The Empty Teacup

Your story "Numbers Game" [March 13] reported my estimate that 50 quadrillion snowflakes fell on Boston in February's great snowfall.

To anyone who has ever watched a sky filled with snowflakes falling steadily for more than 24 hours, it must be even more awesome to realize that the number of molecules of air in a single "empty" teacup is about 100,000 times greater than the number of snowflakes that fell on Boston that day.

*Jack Tessman
Tufts University
Medford, Mass.*

The Marijuana Run

Your story "Pot Smugglers' Paradise" [March 13], about drug runners in Florida points out that the good guys are losing, and losing big. All American taxpayers foot the bill for Government's role in this game, and pot consumers (by and large taxpayers also) pay the bill to organized crime for the "insurance" made necessary by the DEA and other Government agencies.

Since the Coast Guard uses a Prohibition-era statute, it should be aware that prohibition does not work.

*Michael Kemp
Knoxville, Tenn.*

What Average Person?

In your article "Sweet Risk?" [March 13], I found Bernard Cohen's calculations impressive—but not the suggestion that we can equate the cancer risk from using saccharin with an average reduction in life expectancy of two days.

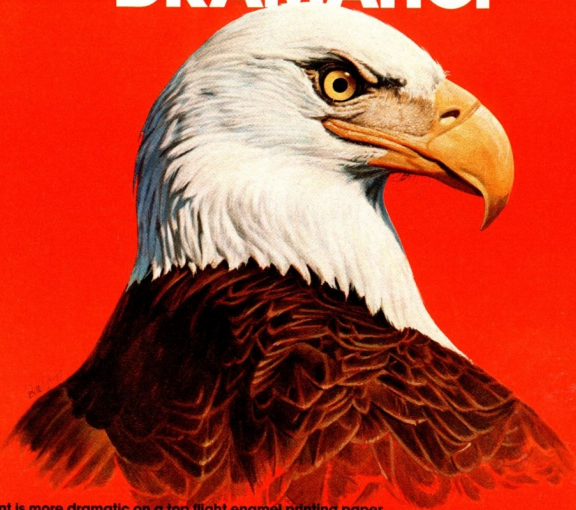
Where in the world is there an average person? The sad fact is that either you get cancer or you don't. For the unlucky ones, it can be a very painful and traumatic experience.

Why not suggest willpower as an alternative to sugar and saccharin?

*Robert F. Shoring
San Francisco*

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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Because you needed them, Armco developed these steels, and is making them in the U.S. on some of the most modern mills in the world. Armco is a company that is in many important businesses. Steel is one of them.

Armco Steel Corporation,
Dept. 18, General Offices,
Middletown, Ohio 45043.



A special type of asphalt can take the pollution out of paving.



Paving with cutback asphalt releases fumes and uses petroleum needed elsewhere.

As a surface material for modern highways, asphalt is practically ideal. Because it's smooth and durable, and also quite economical. Yet the typical paving process, using "cutback" asphalt, pollutes the air and wastes valuable petroleum.

The pollution comes from kerosene and other solvents used to liquify the asphalt for handling. When the hot asphalt is applied to the roadbed, the solvents escape into the air. And since the solvents are a form of petroleum, they represent a significant loss of oil — up to 336 million gallons per year.

Homogenized asphalt

The people of Phillips Petroleum have a solution:



Water-based asphalt cuts air pollution and uses 30% less petroleum.

a water-based asphalt which eliminates the solvents and uses thirty percent less petroleum products to surface a mile of highway.

Asphalt is a form of oil, so it doesn't normally mix with water. But in a process much like homogenizing milk, the asphalt is broken into tiny particles and made to mix with water. The result is something called an "asphalt emulsion."

This asphalt/water mixture is applied to the roadbed. As the water evaporates, a solid highway surface is formed. A surface just as smooth, durable and economical as that produced by the old method.

Yet there's one big difference. Because no solvents are used, there are no fumes.

Less pollution, less wasted petroleum.

Only water goes into the air, so pollution is cut dramatically. And since petroleum-based solvents aren't needed, thousands of gallons of oil are saved on every highway built with this process.

Taking the pollution out of paving, while making fine products for your car. That's performance. From Phillips Petroleum.

The Performance Company



Millions of Americans pay the price of high fidelity and don't get it.

This year, almost three million Americans will go out looking for high fidelity and come home with nifty little compact stereos.

Another four hundred thousand will put their hard earned money into massive fruitwood consoles.

And still others will spend almost \$240 million on cheap "private label" components.

A lot of the money these people spend will be wasted. Mainly because they won't be getting the high fidelity they think they're paying for.

They'll be getting electronics that are often no better than what's in your kitchen radio.

And the pity is that for about the

same money, they could have had the real thing.

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The only high fidelity equipment made today that can give you these experiences are separate brand name components. Separate turntables, receivers, speakers and tape decks, each designed to do its one job perfectly.

Each built by companies who

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to buy it.**

Just go to any reputable high fidelity dealer. A dealer who not only carries brands like Pioneer, but who also features a separate soundroom for you to sit back and really *listen* to the equipment.

Tell the salesman how much you want to spend, how big your room is, and what kind of music you usually listen to.

If he starts talking about ohms or microfarads, ask him to be quiet. You're

not interested in hearing about ohms or microfarads. You're interested in hearing music.

Compare the sound of Pioneer's hi fi components to components made by any other quality hi fi company.

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Nation

TIME/APR. 3, 1978

Difficult Days for Begin

Israel's leader goes to Washington and clashes with Carter

After the hours of arguing in the Cabinet Room at the White House last week, Israeli Premier Menachem Begin slowly started massaging the pectoral muscles on the left side of his chest. It was a nervous habit that betrayed the anxiety of a former heart-attack victim enduring new stress. In the wake of Israel's invasion of southern Lebanon, Begin had gone to Washington to defend his belligerent policies, and he had found little support in the White House.

At one point, in what Begin later called "difficult days," President Carter tried to summarize the state of disagreement in concrete terms. Begin protested gently that the President was "putting everything negatively." Carter pursed his lips in obvious annoyance.

Nobody raised his voice or displayed any sign of anger. But after six hours of intense talks between the two leaders, Begin had not budged an inch. After a final, hurried handshake, Carter failed even to walk his guest to a waiting limousine. He turned back toward the White House, his shoulders drooping in despair, and shortly afterward declared to a group of Congressmen: "The negotiations are at an end as far as the present time is concerned. I need your help and advice."

Not even the most optimistic U.S. officials had expected any dramatic breakthrough in last week's Begin-Carter meeting, their third in eight months. Begin's hard-line pronouncements were only too familiar in Washington. He had refused to concede, as his predecessors had done, that Israel's acceptance of United Nations Resolution 242 meant that it was committed to an eventual withdrawal from the West Bank of the Jordan River, as well as from the Sinai and Golan Heights. He had declined to accept Carter's formulation, proposed in January on a trip to Assan, that the Palestinians have the right "to participate in determination of their own future." He had adamantly opposed Carter's plan to sell advanced F-15 fighter-aircraft to Saudi Arabia. Washington officials were quite aware too that the Palestinian terrorist raid into Israel and the powerful Israeli retaliation in southern Lebanon had made Begin even less tractable. Nevertheless, the U.S. had hoped to keep Begin's mind

focused on the need for overall peace negotiations and to persuade him that Israel had not yet responded adequately to Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's peace initiative. The result: nil.

The deep differences were evident from the moment Begin arrived. Fearful that the visitor might make some inflammatory remark on deplaning without Carter present for a rebuttal, the State Department had asked him to forgo any statement upon landing. He did so, strid-

on innocent civilians in Israel," but he quickly added a corrective hint that Israel might have overreacted, since the raid, he said, "has resulted in the loss of hundreds of lives and tens of thousands of people who are now homeless."

Begin rejected any such notion. He spoke of the Palestinian raid as "that unspeakable atrocity." It was, he said, "another reminder of what character is the implacable enemy" facing Israel.

Carter wasted no time in reminding

Begin that the U.S. had cooperated with past Israeli governments in pursuing peace "under the broad scope of United Nations Resolution 242." He noted that "peace can come from a guarantee of security, and our staunch friendship for Israel will continue to be a major element in this foundation for progress." Translation: Israel should give up occupied territory in exchange for a U.S. pledge to support any security arrangements. Begin only looked bleakly ahead.

The two leaders and their top aides met first for two hours in the Cabinet Room in the West Wing of the White House. The Israelis reluctantly agreed to talk about peace principles first and Lebanon, only fleetingly, later. Carter pleaded with the Premier to agree to withdraw troops from most of the West Bank in exchange for two conditions: that neighboring Arab states would establish full diplomatic, economic and other relations with Israel, and that the U.S. would consider

guaranteeing Israel's security.

But in the face of all this, Begin remained unmoved. Carter at times seemed incredulous at Begin's arguments. He implored Begin to be reasonable. Begin repeatedly talked as though the U.S. were proposing an independent Palestinian state. "Why do you keep saying that?" Carter asked. "Nobody is asking you to agree to a Palestinian state. Nobody wants that."

Begin kept reciting his own technical explanation of why Resolution 242 did not apply to the West Bank. "I'm not worried about the words and how you interpret them," said Carter. "What disturbs me is my impression that what you're really saying—I shouldn't put it so bluntly,



Israeli Premier appealing for support from Jews in New York

No raised voices, no anger—no progress toward peace.

ing silently past waiting microphones and reporters.

In a quiet welcoming ceremony on the south lawn of the White House, Carter praised Begin as "a man of destiny." He gave no hint of whether he judged that destiny favorably. Begin's aides were quick to note that this vague accolade contrasted with the President's greeting of Sadat only a month before at a similar White House ceremony as "the world's foremost peacemaker."

As the wary welcome continued, Vice President Walter Mondale and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance listened impassively. National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski clutched a notebook tightly. Carter sympathetically cited "the recent cowardly and unjustified attack by terrorists



Guest and host at arrival ceremonies on south lawn of White House: the deep differences were evident from the beginning

but I will—my impression is that what you're really saying is that you have no intention of withdrawing from the West Bank at all." No one on the Israeli side responded. The silence seemed to confirm Carter's apprehension.

As the talks continued, Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan, who accompanied Begin on the trip, engaged in more direct debate. "Unlike Begin, he seemed to be really listening when others had the floor," reported one participant. "And when he had the floor, he did a lot more improvising than Begin." That did not mean, however, that the Premier and his Foreign Minister displayed any direct disagreements on Israeli policy.

Running behind schedule, Begin rushed off to the first of two meetings with influential members of Congress. He talked to both the House International Relations Committee and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, pleading his case in much the same words he had used at the White House. The legislators were generally unsympathetic. Even New York Republican Senator Jacob Javits, a staunch ally of Israel, came away admitting that "the friends of Israel here in the Senate are worried about Begin holding up negotiations with Egypt."

In a Carter innovation in summery, the talks resumed for three hours through a candlelight dinner in the family dining room of the White House, with only Begin, Carter and their wives, Aliza and Rosalynn, present. Precisely what was

said by any of the four has not been revealed, but it apparently was by no means limited to social chitchat.

Carter later told Senate leaders that he had talked alone with Begin in the presidential hideaway study after their dinner. He had assured Begin that the U.S. would not accept the creation of an independent Palestinian state on the West Bank and that the U.S. did not expect—and would not demand—total Israeli

withdrawal from all occupied territory.

But instead of showing any softening in his attitude, Carter reported, Begin insisted that 1) he would not stop the creation or expansion of more settlements; 2) he would not turn all Sinai settlements over to Egypt; 3) he would not accept Egyptian or even U.N. "protection" for Sinai settlements; 4) he would not agree that Resolution 242 applies to all fronts; 5) he would not approve the Carter plan,

under which the West Bank would be internationalized for five years and Palestinians could then decide whether to join Israel or Jordan or remain in internationalized status. Begin insisted that Israel must be responsible for "security and order" along the West Bank, although he would allow Palestinians to decide whether they wished to become citizens of either Jordan or Israel.

Next day, in a final 75-minute meeting back in the Cabinet Room, Carter tried summarizing the talks, and it was then that Begin called the President's attitude too negative. Begin said that he preferred to look at "the positive side." But if there was a bright side to the meetings, the two parties apparently could not agree on what it might be. Representatives of both governments spent a full day trying to write a summary of what had transpired for the usual final communique, but finally gave up. Explained Presidential Press Secretary Jody Powell: "That would further complicate the situation."

At the farewell ceremonies on the south lawn, both Begin and Carter

Pro-Palestinian demonstrators assail Begin at Capitol



Nation



Premier (center) takes break to observe Purim at Israeli ambassador's residence



Addresses National Press Club in Washington

If there had been a bright side to their meetings, Carter and Begin failed to concur on what that side might be.

looked grim, fatigued and discouraged. The polite code words conveyed the lack of progress. Carter described the talks as "detailed and frank"—which is the diplomat's way of saying they were contentious. He avoided even the *pro forma* declaration that they had been "productive." He offered an ostensibly friendly observation: "The Israel of 1978 is strong and more secure militarily than at any time in its history. We in America take satisfaction in the knowledge that we have contributed in some small measure to the realization of that dream of strength." That message was meant to convey three barbed points: 1) Israel is strong enough not to fear withdrawal from occupied territory; 2) since the U.S. has helped arm Israel, it ought to have some influence over how Israel uses those weapons; and 3) Israel is strong enough not to worry about U.S. sales of warplanes to Egypt and Saudi Arabia.

Begin was not subtle in objecting publicly to those sales of aircraft. Said he: "Behind those people who carry out abominable acts [the Palestine Liberation Organization], there is an alignment of many Arab states, armed to the teeth by the Soviet Union and sometimes getting modern weapons also from the West."

As Begin left the White House, Carter immediately held a meeting with a delegation of key Congressmen, at which he pushed his case for the package sale of airplanes to Saudi Arabia, Egypt and Israel. Congress can block the plane sales if both chambers agree to do so, but the White House claims confidence that this will not happen. No vote is expected until the Panama Canal issue is resolved next month.

Begin took time out to cel-

brate Purim, the Jewish holiday that recalls Queen Esther's success in preventing a massacre of Jews in Persia. Yarmulke on his head, he sat next to a rabbi at the Israeli ambassador's residence and chanted the Hebrew text from an antique scroll.

Then, after an address at the heavily guarded National Press Club, Begin flew on to New York City to plead for support from American Jewish leaders, terming them Israel's "second line of defense." Looking weary and depressed, he appeared before some 1,000 representatives of Jewish organizations from 30 states at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. Many were near tears as Begin argued that Israel, not Egypt, had presented a detailed peace plan and that Egypt, not Israel, had broken off the negotiations. "The words adamance and intransigence do not have anything in common with us," he contended.

Rabbi Alexander Schindler, chairman of the Conference of Presidents of

Major American Jewish Organizations, abandoned a tradition of nonpartisanship in Israel's internal affairs by throwing the support of his group's 32 diverse Jewish organizations behind Begin. "Israel has a leader who deserves this support," said Schindler. "He is a worthy leader not only of Israel, but of the entire Jewish people." Meaning: any attempt by Washington to try to pry Begin from power in Israel would be resisted by much of the Jewish community in the U.S. After winning that resounding backing, Begin flew home to Jerusalem.

The disagreements between Jerusalem and Washington are now so apparent that the future of Middle East negotiations is highly uncertain. All talks between Israel and Egypt have been stalled for two months—largely over the same issues that separate Carter and Begin. The main U.S. effort will now be, as one Carter aide described it, "to keep Sadat predisposed to continuing the negotiations." A State Department aide expressed the aim less hopefully: "We're trying to keep a piece of machinery oiled and in running order even when it's out of gas and the operators aren't willing to drive it anywhere."

More practically, U.S. officials are now eyeing Begin's political situation back home in Israel (see WORLD). Perhaps a bit wishfully, they wonder whether the Begin-Carter impasse may not build new pressures against Begin from Israeli public opinion, the Knesset, the Cabinet and his Likud coalition colleagues. Certainly the pressures that were exerted on Begin in Washington seem to have had no effect at all.



Hosts Vance, Brzezinski and Carter wave goodbye to Begin

No agreement on how to summarize the disagreement.

A Footnote Tour

Carter's very modest exercise

The purpose of the journey, said National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, is to "respond to the new realities in foreign policy and the appearance of new and important countries in the world." It was a windy way to describe the 15,000-mile four-country tour that Jimmy Carter begins this week. Actually, there was little else to say, for the very good reason that nothing much is expected from the seven-day excursion beyond some small gains in good will and a little broadening of the presidential horizons.

Carter's latest foray—to Venezuela, Brazil, Nigeria and Liberia—is a kind of footnote to the grueling nine-day, 18,500-mile global marathon he embarked upon in December. Planned by Brzezinski, that mammoth jaunt was supposed to include three of the four countries Carter will now visit. They were lopped off the itinerary when someone realized that the President—or any other mortal—would have trouble keeping up the pace of such a tour. Having promised a visit to Venezuela, Brazil and Nigeria, however, Carter was obviously obliged to follow up. Liberia was added more or less as an afterthought.

After leaving on Tuesday, Carter was to stop first in Caracas. He will hold at least two private meetings with President Carlos Andrés Pérez. Topics are expected to include the Panama Canal treaties; human rights (Venezuela has one of the best Latin American records in that field); and undoubtedly, since that country is a member of OPEC, oil.

Relations between the U.S. and Venezuela are generally good, but Carter could have a trickier time of it in Rio de Janeiro. Brazil's military government was angered when the U.S. unsuccessfully tried to block the sale of West German nuclear reactors to Brazil. Nor does Brazil like Carter's position on human rights, which is considerably at variance with the generals' view of how to run things.

When Carter lands in the Nigerian capital of Lagos, the talk will turn to geopolitical issues. The President considers Nigeria to be a key mediator in African security problems, especially in southern Africa. Nigerian Chief of State Lieut. General Olusegun Obasanjo has taken a strong stand in favor of peaceful accession to black majority rule in the white-dominated southern region.

Carter's visit to Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, is more of a stopover: 3½ hours long. Still, it will be the first by a U.S. President since Franklin D. Roosevelt's 1943 visit after a conference with Winston Churchill in Casablanca. The main topic for lunchtime discussion with President William R. Tolbert Jr. is likely to be regional economic cooperation.

All in all, the trip is a very modest exercise—but probably less taxing than dealing with that other foreign power in Carter's life, the U.S. Congress. ■



Carter visiting decaying Bronx with HUD's Harris and Former Mayor Abe Beame

A Little Bit for Everybody

A new urban policy spreads its benefits thinly

Two years ago Candidate Jimmy Carter promised the nation's mayors that if he became President, they would have "a friend, an ally and a partner in the White House." The pledge delighted the mayors and won him the enthusiastic support of many urban blacks, whose votes provided his margin of victory. This week, after a series of delays and bureaucratic bumbles, the President is finally preparing to put his words into action. In a televised address from the White House, he will present his new urban policy, which he describes as "a new partnership to conserve America's communities."

As outlined by Administration aides last week, Carter's policy seeks to offer something for just about everyone, but almost no one will be entirely satisfied. The "partnership" offers several innovative and much needed new programs. But for the most part, it is a repackaging of existing ones. Moreover, reflecting Carter's promise to balance the budget by 1980, he has kept a tight—some would say miserly—grip on the purse strings. He intends to add only an estimated \$3.5 billion to the \$85 billion to be spent to aid states and cities in fiscal 1979.

But Administration officials argue that the policy nonetheless represents a major change of direction by Washington in its treatment of urban problems. Says Secretary of Housing and Urban Development Patricia Harris: "Probably the most important policy change is that all programs and activities of the Federal Government will be examined for their

impact on urban areas. That's not sexy. That's not jazzy. But it is very important."

Carter's statement on urban policy was born amid bureaucratic fumbles and intense infighting. Two months after his Inauguration he set up a committee composed chiefly of six Cabinet members, headed by Harris, to work out the policy. Harris and HEW Secretary Joseph Califano were immediately at loggerheads. He favored programs that would directly help poor people no matter where they live; she wanted to get money into distressed urban areas. Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal, who was opposed to any idea that would reduce tax revenues, resisted proposed tax cuts or incentives for businesses located in distressed areas (Carter finally overruled him). To make matters worse, some participants regularly leaked early drafts of various proposals from the committee's working sessions, causing spirited lobbying of the Administration by Governors, mayors and community leaders.

The committee's first two drafts of an urban policy were rejected by the White House as poorly put together and too costly (about \$10 billion a year). Harris and her colleagues fell so far behind schedule that Carter could not obtain an estimate for his fiscal 1979 budget. As a result, the Office of Management and Budget came up with its own—\$3.9 billion—which was also rejected. Furious at the foul-ups, Carter told Domestic Affairs Adviser Stuart Eizenstat to whip the pol-

Nation

Carter's Right-Hand Man

The remarkable rise of Stuart Eizenstat

icy into shape. Within two months, he and Harris produced a ten-page outline that Carter liked. In a note to "Pat and Stu" the President gave his go-ahead. "My whole family will help," he added.

The committee then drafted a policy statement containing about 160 recommendations for new programs and for improvements in 38 existing ones now run by nine separate agencies. Highlights:

STATES. To a far greater degree than before, Washington will work with state governments on programs to help distressed cities. One reason: while the Federal Government will have a \$60 billion deficit, some states and local governments have been running surpluses that total \$15 billion. Washington wants some of that money to go for urban renewal. As an incentive, the Federal Government will put up \$400 million during the next two years in unrestricted grants for states that provide funds of their own to help rundown municipalities.

CITIES. Big-city mayors who oppose interference by their state governments will be given approval power over state-run programs. In addition, cities will receive \$1 billion directly from Washington to clean up decayed areas; they will also get \$200 million to improve public transport.

NEIGHBORHOODS. Self-help groups that band together to upgrade their neighborhoods will be able to apply for federal grants totaling as much as \$100 million in the coming fiscal year.

MINORITIES AND WOMEN. The Federal Government will issue stronger guidelines to prevent discrimination. To help minorities and women who may now be trapped in dead-end jobs in the inner cities, the Administration plans to develop programs enabling them to go job hunting in areas where better employment opportunities are available.

JOBS. The Federal Government will offer tax breaks, subsidies and other inducements for businesses to remain in poor neighborhoods, to set up plants in them or expand existing ones. As a further incentive, a National Development Bank, nicknamed Urbank, will be created to offer the businesses low-interest loans.

Carter's urban policy appears fairly sound and workable. But it will doubtless disappoint many urban leaders. Most disillusioned of all may be blacks, whose expectations were sent soaring by Carter's campaign promises. Last week Vernon Jordan, executive director of the Urban League and one of the most influential black spokesmen on economic issues, called again for a domestic Marshall Plan to revitalize distressed cities. But his approach would cost many billions of dollars, which puts him far out of step with Jimmy Carter.

"If the President had to fire all but one of us, he probably would keep Stu." That high praise comes from top White House Assistant Hamilton Jordan, and he is speaking of Domestic Affairs Adviser Stuart Eizenstat. In a matter of months, Eizenstat has quietly moved into an unrivaled position at the White House that was underscored by his role in shaping Carter's urban policy. Says another high-level aide: "On a day-to-day basis, Stu probably has greater influence on the President on a broader range of issues than anybody."

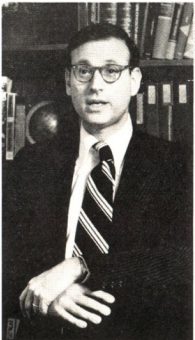
Eizenstat, 35, was one of Carter's orig-

lives better. I'm not one who believes that Washington is the enemy of the people. But we've learned in the last ten years that there are limits to government's resources and to its capacity to solve problems."

Eizenstat now directs a 27-member staff that advises the President on domestic matters and coordinates White House policies with federal agencies. He is one of the few advisers to see Carter daily, and sometimes several times a day. Other Administration officials give him high marks for accurately presenting their views on policy to Carter, but Eizenstat usually attaches his own recommendations as well. Says an associate: "On almost every domestic issue, Stu has the last word." He pushed successfully for keeping a few proposed minor reforms in the Administration's tax cut bill, which is now before Congress. He persuaded Carter to add 415,000 more public service jobs to his economic stimulus package. Now he is trying to speed up work on a national health insurance program. At times he has given Carter bad advice. He erred in recommending that the Administration pay back maritime unions for their election support by backing legislation that would have required at least 9.5% of U.S. oil imports to be carried aboard U.S. ships. He also misjudged congressional sentiment about a consumer protection agency; it died in the House.

At first, some Cabinet members were rankled by Eizenstat's influence with the President. Says White House Press Secretary Jody Powell: "In the past, Cabinet people have tried to undercut Stu. But now the word is out that this sort of thing just doesn't make it any more." Still, a few Administration officials complain that Eizenstat often looks at issues mostly from a short-range political viewpoint. Last week several economic advisers were grumbling that he is too deeply involved in economic policy. He took some courses in economics at college but majored in political science. His critics were particularly angry with him for helping to persuade Carter to postpone making a policy statement on inflation until the President returns from abroad next week. Eizenstat felt that the statement was too vague.

Soft-spoken and self-effacing, Eizenstat usually wears pinstripe suits and neatly knotted ties. He has little time for social functions, preferring to spend his private hours with his wife Fran and two young sons at their home in fashionable Chevy Chase. On rare occasions, he plays a quick set of tennis on courts near his home. Despite his growing role in the Administration, he intends to stay in the background, acting as Carter's solidly dependable right hand on national policies. Says he: "I'm going to try and shape things."



Eizenstat making a point in his office
He usually has the last word.

inal Georgia Mafia, but his rise has nonetheless been remarkable. The son of an Atlanta shoe wholesaler, he was a star basketball player in high school and later studied at the University of North Carolina and Harvard Law School ('67). He wrote speeches on domestic affairs for Lyndon Johnson, then became an adviser to Hubert Humphrey during the 1968 presidential race. At that time he believed in the Great Society approach to social problems; spend more money on them.

But by the time Eizenstat joined Carter's campaign staff, he had become what he calls a "pragmatic progressive." Says he: "I still believe that government has a positive role to play in making people's

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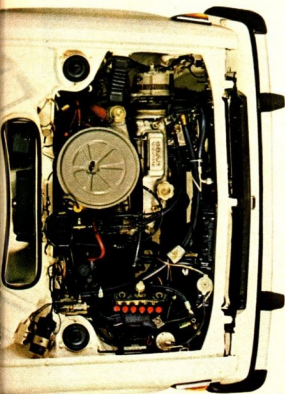
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Nation

Can the U.S. Defend Itself?

Soviet military buildup worries leading U.S. defense experts

"We face a challenge, and we will do whatever is necessary to meet it." So vowed Jimmy Carter in a major statement on U.S. defense policy earlier this month. Exactly what needs to be done—and what will be done—is not clear, however. Even the nature of the challenge from the Soviet Union is in dispute. Every day, behind the doors of congressional committee rooms, experts argue about how much the U.S. must spend to protect itself and how these vast sums (more than \$115 billion in the current budget) can be best used.

To analyze and explain these complex controversies, TIME invited five of the nation's leading defense experts (see box) to a daylong National Security Issues Round Table at the Time & Life Building in Manhattan. While the analysts represented some widely divergent views, they generally agreed on a number of key matters:

- ▶ The Soviet Union's continuing nuclear and conventional military buildup is increasingly ominous and may jeopardize the delicate balance of power that has deterred nuclear war.
- ▶ Disarmament negotiations like the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) may not be capable, by themselves, of preserving this U.S.-U.S.S.R. balance.
- ▶ The U.S. may be hampered by a lack of creative strategic thinking.

Dominating the experts' discussions—as indeed it does all U.S. military planning—was the specter of the Soviet nuclear buildup. In 1965 the U.S. enjoyed about a 4-to-1 lead over the Soviets in strategic nuclear missiles; today the Soviets deploy 1,477 land-based intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs), compared with 1,054 for the U.S., and the Russian lead in submarine-launched nuclear weapons

is 909, v. 656. The main American advantages remain in its bombers (417, v. 140), the accuracy of its missiles and the number of warheads (9,000, v. 4,000). But many of these warheads may become vulnerable to destruction by a Soviet attack in the mid-1980s if Moscow improves and deploys large numbers of the SS-18 and SS-19 missiles that it is now testing. Declared William Hyland: "We are at a



Blechman: "The implications of an unrestrained arms competition would be extremely adverse for the world."

crossroads because of the trends in Soviet policy. The gap between our capabilities to gain some advantage by striking first and Soviet capabilities to do so seems to be growing. The gap is also widening in defensive deterrence, according to John Collins. The Soviets, he noted, stress civil defense and maintain an extensive antiaircraft network, while the

U.S. does not. He added: "We repudiate strategic defense of the homeland and rely solely on an offensive deterrence."

Barry Blechman cautioned, however, that the numbers in themselves can exaggerate the Soviet threat. "Their military power is very troubling, and I'm not saying that we should discount it," he explained, "but I certainly wouldn't throw up my hands in despair and say that we will be on the losing end." The U.S. spends a great deal on readiness, for example. "We keep roughly half our strategic submarines at sea at all times, where they can hit their targets, but only about 15% of Soviet subs are on station," he noted.

Edward Luttwak was not impressed. Said he: "The fact that they do not stress readiness as much as we do may say something about their idea of who will strike first: readiness is only important for the side being surprised."

Responded Blechman: "Nonetheless, one should not think that a Soviet leader would lightly contemplate a first strike at our missiles. Even if he convinced himself that he could destroy 90% of our Minutemen, he would still be faced with about 100 of those missiles. In addition, we would have some 20 submarines at sea with another 3,000 warheads, plus our bombers."

But the main danger of the Soviet buildup is not that the Russians are planning some future Pearl Harbor. All the analysts agreed that the Kremlin's strategy is almost certainly less violent than that. Said Lieut. General Andrew Goodpaster: "By achieving nuclear parity, the Russians are protecting their nuclear flank to gain added freedom of action at other levels, such as political intimidation, deployment of conventional forces and so on." Added Collins: "Sun Tzu, the ancient Chinese philosopher, wrote that the supreme art of war is to defeat the enemy without fighting. Soviet nuclear advantage could put us in the position of having to back down in a crisis because we

The Analysts

Barry Blechman, 34, assistant director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. The most "dovish" of the experts, he headed the defense analysis staff of Washington's Brookings Institution until last fall, when he joined ACDA. At Brookings he directed a mid-1977 study, "The Soviet Military Buildup and U.S. Defense Spending."

John Collins, 56, senior specialist in national defense at the Congressional Research Service. Responsible for providing the Congress with a steady stream of "issue briefs" on national security questions, Collins has just completed a detailed and controversial comparison of U.S. and Soviet military capabilities.

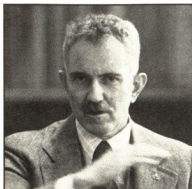
Lieut. General Andrew Goodpaster, 63, superintendent of the U.S. Military Academy. Long regarded as one of the Army's leading strategists, Goodpaster served as NATO com-

mander, deputy commander of U.S. forces in South Viet Nam, and for seven years as President Dwight Eisenhower's liaison with the Pentagon, State Department and the CIA.

William Hyland, 49, senior fellow at the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies. Before retiring from Government service in late 1977, Hyland had spent 23 years—at the CIA, National Security Council and State Department—focusing on U.S.-Soviet relations, becoming one of the nation's top experts on strategic arms talks.

Edward Luttwak, 35, adjunct professor of international politics at Johns Hopkins University and senior fellow at the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies. The author of books and articles ranging from analyses of arms control and the Middle East to the strategy of ancient Rome, Luttwak has earned a reputation as one of the U.S.'s most creative and provocative defense experts with a generally "hawkish" approach.

Nation



Collins: "The problem is the lack of creative thinking. We are not even sure that our policymakers identify the proper issues."

might conclude that we would have nothing to gain and everything to lose."

The fact that the Soviets are ahead or gaining in almost every category, noted Hyland, "may have no particular relevance to how a war is actually conducted. But the calculus will surely affect how we are perceived by our allies, the rest of the world and ourselves." During every U.S.-Soviet crisis in the postwar period, he noted, the U.S. has had a strategic advantage. The Cuban missile crisis of 1962 was a particularly dramatic example of the Soviets having to back down. But the Soviets could gain a similar strategic advantage by the early 1980s. That, said Hyland, would "make crisis management extremely difficult and dangerous for us."

In such potential crises, according to Luttwak, the U.S. may find that it does not "dare to use its nuclear weapons to offset Soviet advantages in conventional forces." As Luttwak imagined the scene, "Moscow could then say to the West, 'Gentlemen, we are superior in ground forces, we can take most of West Germany in 48 hours. You cannot checkmate that by strategic nuclear forces, for you no longer have superiority. Now we want to collect.'" And what will they collect? Luttwak speculated that while they would not actually occupy Western Europe, they would demand that it "show 'proper respect' for their wishes, perhaps using Soviet-Finnish relations as a model. This would be the 'Finlandization' of Europe. Of course, Western Europe is more powerful than Finland and would have more leverage."

SALT was intended to help avoid such a situation by establishing a mutually acceptable nuclear balance. But SALT has fallen far short of expectations, and there is little hope that it will substantially affect the arsenals of the two superpowers. The 1972 interim limit on offensive weapons expired last fall; progress on SALT II has slowed to a crawl. Observed Hyland:

"On the Russian side, things are getting tougher." He thus cautioned against seeing SALT as "a vehicle for solving our strategic problems and achieving stability with the Soviet Union."

But not all the roadblocks to future arms accords will be the fault of the Soviets. Goodpastor said that one obstacle, for example, could be the attitude of America's NATO allies. While Moscow has been pressing Washington not to transfer cruise missile technology to other nations, the British, French and Germans seem to be counting on acquiring the accurate, low-cost cruise missiles. Goodpastor observed that tensions within NATO could mount if SALT starts dealing with issues like the transfer of technology.

While all the experts concurred that SALT negotiations were going slowly, most seemed to feel it would be worth the effort to continue trying to reach an agreement. But Luttwak criticized the whole concept of negotiating for arms limitation. Said he: "Without SALT, the two sides would still have to avoid nuclear war, just as they did before the talks. During the whole negotiating period, beginning in 1969, the Soviets have been expanding and modernizing their arsenal while we have been talking. Worst of all, SALT imposes mutual limits on technology, the key area where we are ahead."

This prompted a lively exchange:

Blechnan: That is nonsense. We have gone ahead and modernized our ICBMs and our submarine-launched missiles. We decided against producing the B-1 bomber, but this had nothing to do with SALT.

Luttwak: Oh, no? Every time someone would come up with an idea for a weapons program to serve a military need of U.S. forces, he was told: "No, this military need is going to be dealt with in SALT. We will control the Soviet counterweapon. We don't need your system."

Blechnan: How do you explain our doubling the number of strategic warheads during the period of the arms talks? You tell me, Edward, does that show self-imposed, unilateral restraint?

Luttwak: The programs doubling the warheads began in the mid-1960s.

Blechnan: But these programs have been continued. Moreover, the SALT process symbolizes recognition by us and the Soviets that it is in our mutual interest to achieve a relatively stable relationship.

Luttwak: It is a mistake to assume that the Russians seek stability. In your kind of strategy, Barry, the word stability has a good connotation. But remember, the Russians still wish to change the state of the world and so, to them, stability is a frustrating obstacle.

Blechnan: SALT, at heart, is a political question. Were the SALT process to collapse, the implications of an unrestrained arms competition would be extremely adverse for our political relations and the degree of tension in the world.

Although it was felt that it is still pos-

sible that a treaty could be signed this year, it would not impose significant cutbacks in Soviet and American nuclear arms. Such a treaty would, for instance, probably permit both sides to deploy about 2,200 nuclear-weapon launchers (including strategic bombers). Furthermore, it is not expected to cut the number of Soviet monster rockets, like the SS-18, which could threaten the U.S. Minuteman missiles. As a result, Washington is considering going ahead with the development of the sophisticated MX missile. The mobility of the MX, which may run on underground rails, will make it an elusive target for Soviet missiles, theoretically ensuring that it can survive to make a counterattack.

Even a comprehensive SALT agreement, moreover, would not check the Soviet Union's buildup of conventional arms. At sea, for example, the Red Fleet leads the U.S. Navy in major surface combat ships (230, v. 175) and attack submarines (234, v. 78); the onetime unchallenged U.S. superiority exists only in fixed-wing aircraft carriers (13, v. 0). Noted Blechnan: "The Navy has had serious problems, and the shipbuilding program, with its long delays and cost overruns, is just one of them." Observed Hyland: "We no longer seem to know what we want the



Goodpastor: "We should not hold out the hope to the American people that the threat from the U.S.S.R. is likely to fade."

Navy to do: project power ashore far from the U.S. or keep the sea-lanes open. To do both may be too costly." In rare accord, Luttwak and Blechnan emphasized the Navy's diplomatic and political value. Said Blechnan: "The Navy makes our power known." Added Luttwak: "It's our only maneuver force."

On land, the U.S.S.R.'s conventional advantage is most dangerous in central and northern Europe. There the Soviet-led Warsaw Pact vastly outstrips NATO in military manpower (945,000, v. 630,000), tanks (20,500, v. 7,000), artillery (10,000, v. 2,700) and fixed-wing warplanes

Mirv, Marv & Mad

Defense experts use so many acronyms and abbreviations that they sometimes seem to be talking in a secret language. The various cruise missiles, for example, are fondly called "alcoms," "slicks" and "glicks"—for the ALCM (air-launched cruise missile), SLCM (sea-launched) and GLCM (ground-launched).

The basic missile is still known by its initials, ICBM (intercontinental ballistic missile), but its systems for multiple warheads sound more like a team of comedians—MIRV and MARV (for multiple independently targetable re-entry vehicle and the more advanced maneuverable re-entry vehicle whose course can be adjusted after launch).

SALT, which is widely known as the name for Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, has now given birth to CAT, standing for talks on conventional arms transfers. "Ayyaw," meanwhile, is not used for polishing floors, but is the way AWACS is pronounced, signifying airborne warning and control system, a flying command post loaded with computers. Most descriptive of the terms in this arcane tongue is the acronym for the balance of terror concept known as "mutual assured destruction"; it, of course, is called MAD.

(3,525, v. 2,050). While an imbalance has existed for some time, the gap has been widening in recent years, increasing the doubts about NATO's ability to repel an attack. Although that attack may never come, the possibility has important political consequences and therefore needs to be met by a credible defense.

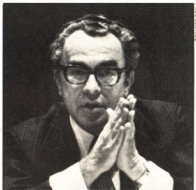
Goodpaster explained: "The Warsaw Pact would have the initiative; it would choose the time, place, mode and weight of an attack. The key lever we have to dissuade it is our tactical nuclear-weapon systems based in Europe." But relying on tactical nuclear arms may be very dangerous. Using them in Europe, for instance, could quickly escalate out of control to a devastating nuclear exchange between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. Warned Collins: "In the 1950s, when we had a strategic nuclear superiority, we probably could have fought a controlled tactical nuclear war. We could have said to the Soviets: 'Halt your actions or we'll eradicate your homeland.' But we can't do this any more because now they could respond: 'Get lost. Your homeland will go at the same time.' Almost immediately after invading, moreover, Soviet forces could be hugging West German cities. Would NATO dare use tactical nuclear weapons to root them out?"

More promising may be the improvements in the precision-guided U.S. weapons, like the so-called smart bombs that are literally steered to targets by television, laser beams and other means. With

their pinpoint accuracy, they could stop many of the Soviet tanks that would spearhead a Warsaw Pact invasion. Although the critical guidance mechanisms of these new devices still do not work well when bad weather or smokescreens limit visibility, Collins was certain that "we will solve these and other problems, and the Russians know it." He feared, however, that "if we are going to have a crunch with the Soviets in Europe, it's likely to be in the early 1980s before we have perfected the new weapons."

Hyland had a more basic proposal: increasing the U.S. forces on NATO's front lines. "The Europeans on their own are never going to be a match for the Soviets. Thus we simply must fill up the gap and move five U.S. divisions to Western Europe to join the four we now have there. While it will cost a lot of money to build barracks, to set up the logistics and so forth, it would be one of the most effective things we could do. It would impress the Russians that we are serious about our commitment to Europe."

Luttwak conceded that extra divisions and new weapons would be helpful. But he suggested that NATO's conventional capability would be boosted more by changing its basically defensive strategy. His proposal: "Instead of responding to a Soviet push into West Germany by trying to contain the invasion all along the line, NATO could countermove and pen-



Hyland: "The Europeans are never going to be a match for the Soviets. We must move five more divisions to Western Europe."

etrate into East Germany. Because this would guarantee that the enemy would immediately be hit where he is vulnerable, it might deter the attack." Yet this also would probably mean risking some West German territory, at least temporarily. Admitted Goodpaster: "You're not going to sell that to the Germans."

Criticism of NATO's strategy was part of a broader critique of overall U.S. strategic concepts. Collins, for example, complained that "the No. 1 U.S. national security problem is the lack of creative strategic thinking. Without new strategic conceptualizing, we are not even sure that



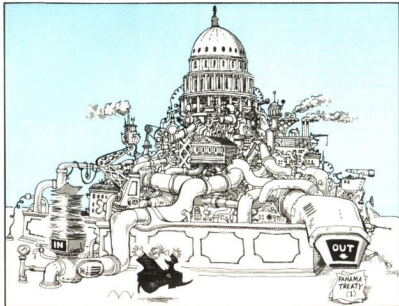
Luttwak: "Moscow could say: 'We are superior in ground forces. You cannot check that by nuclear forces. Now we want to collect.'"

our defense policymakers are identifying the proper issues." Luttwak went further, speculating that Americans may lack the innate characteristics needed for strategic thinking. He argued: "Ours is not a culture oriented toward the accumulation and rational use of power. We have a kind of Anglo-Saxon, pragmatic penchant for separating problems into small pieces. But the essence of strategy is to look at all the pieces together."

But Blechman, interjecting, insisted that "there is a strategy and sense of purpose, and the U.S. Government generally has been following it." Trying to bridge these two positions, Hyland noted that while "America has had a strategy since 1946 or 1947—essentially containment—its current relevance is questionable." He said the U.S. had based its strategy on the notion that if it could limit the Soviet Union's imperial push for a period of years, that imperial impulse would die. "Unfortunately, this has not happened," he added. "We now need a strategy with military, political and economic facets for providing penalties and rewards for Soviet behavior."

Addressing the military aspect of such a strategy, Luttwak suggested "putting some more forces back on the East-West chessboard. We should not do it with pawns such as ground troops but with queens and bishops, like high-technology weapons." Agreeing with this somewhat, Hyland nonetheless wondered whether such a move would be politically feasible. He said that "we Americans do not like long, protracted struggles or conflicts. So we are constantly driven to find some simplistic solutions—SALT, détente and others—to the problem. But there is no easy or quick substitute for being prepared to confront the Russians when their aggressiveness creeps into areas we consider vital." Concluded Goodpaster: "You are right. This may be a kind of endless task. Thus we should not hold out the hope to the American people that the military threat from the Soviet Union is likely to fade."

Nation



Halftime Confidence on Panama

But opponents of the treaties still hope for a miracle

"Anyone who shifts against the Panama treaties now would look flab- by back home," observed Democratic Senator Alan Cranston of California. Added Majority Leader Robert Byrd: "Now that all the Senators have taken a stand, I believe that they'll stay there. We might even pick up one or two votes."

Thus, as Congress recessed last week for a ten-day vacation, Democratic leaders were confident that they had no chance of losing their 68-to-32 Senate majority in favor of the Panama Canal treaties. The first treaty, giving the U.S. the right to defend the canal's neutrality after it is ceded to Panama, was ratified two weeks ago. The second treaty, turning over the canal to Panama by the year 2000, will be voted on no later than April 26, and perhaps as early as April 17.

Even most Senators who opposed the treaties had little hope of staging a comeback. Said Michigan Republican Robert Griffin, a leader of the antitreaty forces: "I don't know where the votes would come from. A Senator can't afford to flip after his first vote."

Nonetheless, opponents promised to continue fighting. Last week they offered four crippling amendments to the second treaty. Each was knocked down by overwhelming majorities, including an absurd proposal put forth by Wyoming Republican Malcolm Wallop. It called for return of the canal to the U.S. if either country violated the new treaties. New York Democrat Patrick Moynihan angrily called the idea "inane" and "devoid of intellectual content." Said he: "We are reducing the Senate to a playground of ju-

venia, a playpen of prepubescent youth." After colleagues objected to the unusual personal attack, Moynihan apologized.

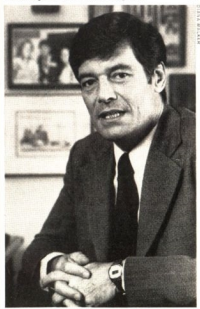
The incident underscored how frustrating—for both sides—the six-week-old debate has become. To end it, Byrd would prefer to move up the second treaty vote. But if he does, Kansas Republican Robert Dole has promised a filibuster that might prolong the debate for weeks. Worse yet, Massachusetts Republican Edward Brooke, a last-minute supporter of the neutrality treaty, which passed by only one vote more than the required two-thirds majority, has threatened to switch if proponents try any strong-arm tactics.

This week treaty opponents, led by Republican Paul Laxalt of Nevada, will step up pressure on reluctant supporters of the treaty. The possible wobblers include Brooke, Republican John Heinz of Pennsylvania and Democrats Dennis Deconcini of Arizona and Paul Hatfield of Montana. Laxalt argues that his job was made easier by the first vote. He explained: "Now we're zeroing in on only a few people." He has asked their constituents to write protest letters and sponsor antitreaty radio spots. Illinois Congressman Philip Crane, chairman of the American Conservative Union, warned that right-wing Republicans will campaign against the 15 G.O.P. Senators who voted for the first treaty if they support the second pact. Said he: "A candidate who has put himself out in front on support has written off significant constituencies." Crane added, in a comment directed at Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker Jr.: "It is the kiss of death for any pres-

idential hopeful in the Republican Party to be supportive of these treaties."

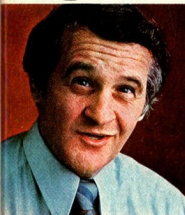
Some targets of the treaty foes are already being criticized at home. Hatfield's office received a number of menacing phone calls on the order of: "We're going to get you for that if it's the last thing we do." He was hurt further when fellow Montana Senator John Melcher sent constituents a statement that was headed: AMERICAN PEOPLE VETO THE CANAL TREATY. Said a Hatfield aide: "That mailing didn't exactly pour oil on the troubled waters." At a Democratic dinner in Frankfort, Ky., party stalwarts applauded politely for Senator Walter Huddleston, who voted for the treaty, but gave a standing ovation to Wendell Ford, who opposed the accord. Conservatives in Arizona and Oklahoma talked of mounting a campaign to recall their Senators who favored the treaties—Deconcini and Henry Bellmon—even though there is no legal way for constituents to remove a Senator before his term ends. On the other hand, Brooke made a weekend swing through Massachusetts and got a positive reaction from voters about his support of the treaty. Said an aide: "They seemed satisfied."

To prevent overconfidence among treaty supporters, Carter urged all Cabinet members to keep trying to win more Senate votes. Indeed, top White House aides claimed that three Senators who voted against the neutrality treaty have indicated that they may support the second accord. As added insurance, treaty proponents are willing to attach minor reservations to make it more palatable to some wavering Senators. Thus, barring a major blunder by supporters, the treaty should pass with votes to spare.



American Conservative Union's Philip Crane
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Nation

Diggs in Trouble

Faces kickback charges

Ever since flamboyant Congressman Adam Clayton Powell lost his House seat in 1970, roly-poly Charles Coles Diggs Jr., 55, has been the senior black member of Congress. The son of a powerful Michigan politician who became wealthy as an undertaker in Detroit, Diggs has won election to the House twelve times from the city's predominantly poor and black 13th Congressional District. Because of his seniority, he became the first chairman of the Congressional Black Caucus in 1971. He is also chairman of the House District of Columbia Committee and the House International Relations Subcommittee on Africa.

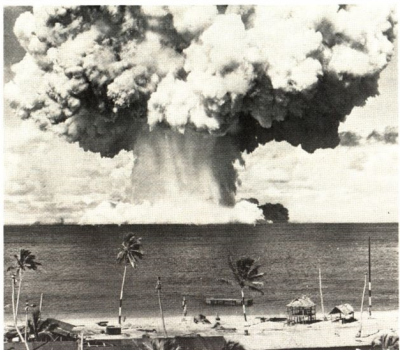
Last week a federal grand jury handed down a 35-count indictment charging Diggs with padding his federal payroll by \$101,000 since 1973. He was accused of inflating the wages of three House employees—one aide's pay, for instance, jumped from \$14,667.84 to \$37,355 a year—and then requiring them to pay some of his personal bills with the raises. In addition, he was charged with putting three employees of the family undertaking business on the federal payroll, at annual salaries of up to \$35,000.

According to investigators, Diggs has been burdened for years with heavy personal and business debts. In addition, the Internal Revenue Service has filed tax claims of \$5,000 against Diggs himself, and \$48,000 against the estate of his father, who died in 1967.

From Mozambique, where he was on a 15-day junket, Diggs last week professed his innocence. But months before leaving the country he used some \$8,000 raised by his friends to hire a lawyer from the firm headed by famed Defense Attorney Edward Bennett Williams. If convicted, Diggs faces up to five years in jail on each count, and fines totaling \$224,000. ■



Michigan Congressman Charles Diggs Jr.
Charges of padding the legislative payroll.



A deadly mushroom cloud erupts over Bikini after atomic bomb test in July 1946

Blunder on Bikini Island

After ten years, it is still dangerously radioactive

A decade ago, when the U.S. finally agreed to let some 500 Micronesians return to their native island of Bikini, Washington officials determined to undo the damage inflicted by 23 nuclear tests. All sorts of debris was scooped off the beaches and dumped out at sea. Swaths of local jungle were cleared so that some 50,000 new coconut trees could be planted. Forty cement houses were built along the shore of the lagoon, and an Atomic Energy Commission spokesman declared that there was "virtually no radiation left." After a generation of exile, the first 100 of the Bikini islanders contentedly settled down in their new homes, at peace at last.

Last week, in confirming an embarrassing blunder, U.S. officials acknowledged that their assessment of Bikini was premature. Periodic radiological surveys conducted by the Government since 1975 showed that the earlier tests had been inadequate. Bikini's well water still contains strontium 90 and cesium 137, radioactive products of the bomb tests, and so do the coconuts, fruits and vegetables grown on the island.

The U.S. Interior Department, which has supervisory authority over the island as part of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, insisted that none of the people on Bikini had shown any adverse effects from radiation during periodic health checks. But officials found

that levels of strontium and cesium, as well as of plutonium, were rising alarmingly among the returned islanders, and they now believe that Bikini probably will not be safe for long-term human occupation for another 35 to 50 years. "It is now clear," as the department put it, "that for the foreseeable future the island of Bikini should not be used for agricultural purposes and should not be considered a residential area." These islanders who have been repatriated will have to be evacuated again. In the meantime, they have been forbidden to eat their home-grown coconuts, bananas and breadfruit. Food is now being shipped in from outside.

A likely resettlement site is the island of Eneu, also a part of the Bikini Atoll, but presumably far enough from the center of nuclear testing to be safe for people. In fact, the Interior Department is already asking Congress to allocate \$6 million as the first payment in a resettlement program ultimately expected to cost \$15 million.

Still, before any further decision is made on a new home for the Bikinians, the department will conduct its long-promised aerial radiation survey of all the areas in the Marshall Islands where nuclear devices were exploded, in order to determine which of the now peaceful islands are once again fit—truly—for human inhabitants. ■

Nation

At Last, Peace in the Coalfields

After 109 days, the miners reluctantly end their strike

Finally it was over. After 109 days, two abortive contract offers and untold expenditures of rancor, obstinacy and personal discomfort, rank-and-file members of the United Mine Workers voted late last week to end their strike. With union leaders promising that the 165,000 miners would return to their jobs on Monday and mine owners predicting that coal shipments would be back to normal within the week, the energy crisis that had been threatening—but never quite materializing—in a dozen Eastern Central states seemed to have passed.

As the miners began voting on the contract in the hollows and flatlands of coal country on Good Friday morning, few involved in the negotiations—coal operators, union officials and federal mediators—held out more than a fifty-fifty chance of approval. Indeed, as the first returns were announced by militant locals in western Pennsylvania and southern Illinois, it looked as if the miners were about to deal a thumping rejection to the pact, as they had done to a previous contract proposal three weeks earlier. But when most of the ballots were tallied, they showed that the rank and file had approved the contract, \$8,380 to \$44,210. U.M.W. President Arnold Miller reacted with a smile and a one-word comment to Secretary-Treasurer Willard Esselstyn: "Good." To reporters, Miller acknowledged that the contract did not give the miners everything they wanted. But he called it "better than anything I ever worked under."

The fact was that time had just about run out for the miners, and they knew it. If they had voted no, national bargaining between the U.M.W. and the 130-member Bituminous Coal Operators' Association might have broken down completely. The coal companies and union locals would have begun negotiating on their own. Disillusioned miners thought that further negotiations at any level would not gain them a better contract, at least not one worth continuing the strike for. "It's kind of like playing poker at this point," said Cecil Roberts, 31, a vice president of the U.M.W.'s District 17 in West Virginia. "It's hard to win three hands in a row."

Warmer weather and increased production from non-U.M.W. mines had undercut the strike's effectiveness. Moreover, the financial burden of the walkout was finally grinding down the stubborn miners and their families. "I'm hurtin',"

confessed Miner Johnny Elkins, 25, of Hershaw, W. Va., who voted against the last contract offer. To make ends meet, he had been cutting and selling firewood for \$35 a truckload. "Now spring's coming," said Elkins, "and people ain't needing firewood." So he traded in his chain saw for a secondhand trail bike and voted for the contract. Added Burl Holbrook, 35, a miner in nearby Cabin Creek Hollow: "Principles are nice, but you can't buy food with them."

The new contract provides for a hefty wage increase of 31% over three years, to as much as \$11.40 an hour. The pact also contains two touchy fringe-benefit provisions that were at the heart of many miners' opposition to it: 1) an annual maximum charge of \$200 for medical care to miners' families, which was formerly free,

and 2) a \$50 pension increase, to \$275 a month, for most retired miners instead of an across-the-board hike to \$500 as originally demanded by the U.M.W.

While operators have kept their mines ready for production, it will take months for coal supplies to be completely replenished in the states most seriously affected by the strike. Some utilities had to reduce their production of electric power—by up to 25% in western Pennsylvania and Indiana. As a result, industries had to lay off some 25,000 workers. Yet the U.S. economy is expected to emerge almost unscathed; economists expect any growth lost because of the strike to be regained in the second quarter of 1978.

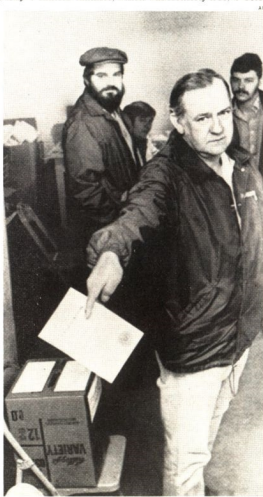
Some of the strike's other effects will take longer to repair. Jimmy Carter was tarnished by his eleventh-hour efforts to pressure the coal operators into settling the dispute and then his fruitless invocation of the Taft-Hartley Act to get the miners back to work. An Associated Press-NBC News opinion poll taken just before last week's contract ratification

showed that two-thirds of Americans believed that Carter had performed poorly during the strike, chiefly by doing too little too late.

Worse hurt is U.M.W. President Miller. His fumbling performance during negotiations—first endorsing a proposal that his union bargaining council rejected, then backing a second offer that the miners turned down—has contributed to anger and contempt toward him among the union's members. "The mine operators haven't hurt us half as much as our leadership," growled Mike Adkins, 35, financial secretary of 223-member Local 1759 near Chelyan, W. Va. "I've never seen the union in such bad shape. I want a man who says what he means and sticks to it. Miller can't do that."

Miller's term of office extends until 1982—which means that he would preside over negotiations on the next coal bargaining contract. Thousands of signatures have been collected on petitions for his recall, but procedures for removing a U.M.W. president are so complicated that the move is expected to collapse. As alternatives, some of Miller's most ardent foes are talking about calling a union convention to cut his \$40,000 salary or strip him of his powers as president.

Still, despite the lingering bitterness among many miners, some operators thought that the coal settlement offered some grounds for optimism about the future of the coalfields. Said an industry executive: "The debacle we've been through has created a new atmosphere. Perhaps we've burned out 50 years of animosity."



Union leader casting his ballot in Cedar Grove, W. Va.
"Perhaps we've burned out 50 years of animosity."

"Sit Down, Poppy, Sit Down!"

A last warning before Karl Wallenda fell to his death

When Karl Wallenda was a boy in Germany, the story goes, he answered an ad asking for someone who could do a handstand. The ad did not say just where the handstand was to be done.

The prospective employer, a circus performer named Louis Weitzman, agreed to try the boy out. He led him up a ladder to a platform 40 ft. in the air. "Just walk behind me," said Weitzman as he started out on the high wire, "and when I bend a little, you get up and do a handstand on my shoulders."

Karl Wallenda looked down.

"I can't," he said.

"You do it," said Weitzman, "or I'll shake you off the wire."

So Karl Wallenda did a handstand on Weitzman's shoulders. So Karl Wallenda became a high-wire stunt man. Probably it was in his blood all along. His father was a catcher in a wandering troupe of aerialists; his mother performed with the troupe too. But when Wallenda first began performing his own high-wire act, he soon showed the daring that was to make him the greatest of his strange breed. He not only walked the wire but rode a bicycle on it—with his brother Herman on his shoulders. He invented an act that had never before been performed, the pyramid—Karl and Herman and another man all teetering across the slender cable. The act premiered in Milan in 1925 and proved a sensation. John Ringling hired Wallenda to bring the act to New York City, and there the first performance won a 15-minute ovation.

There were no safety nets underneath: Karl Wallenda did not believe in them. "Gott give us the courage and gift of talent to do our acts," he once told an interviewer, "and when he is ready to take us, he will."

In 1947 Wallenda devised a more complicated form of his pyramid—seven people in three tiers, six men connected by shoulder bars and one young woman perched on top on a chair, all swaying at the edge of the void, preserved only by their incredible combination of skill, balance and courage. Old Karl billed them as "the Great Wallendas," and he did his best to keep the act in the family.

Dieter Schepp, a nephew recently arrived from East Germany, was making his first appearance in the great pyramid in Detroit on the night of Jan. 30, 1962, when he suddenly began losing his grip on the balance pole. There came a terrible cry: "Ich kann nicht mehr halten" (I can't hold on any more). Then the pole slipped, Dieter fell, and the whole pyramid of Wallendas came apart in mid-air, some clinging to the wire, others plunging to the concrete floor. Dieter and another man died there: Karl's adopted son Mario was paralyzed from the waist down.

Karl Wallenda, the patriarch, would not give up. "It is our pride," he said. "I

feel better if I go up again. Down here on the ground I break all to pieces." Some of his partners were less determined. "I'm scared silly every time I go on," said Gunther Wallenda, a nephew. Karl's second wife Helen, who once performed in the act, refused even to watch it any longer. "I always sit in a back room and pray," she said. Wallenda was adamant. "The rest of life," he said, "is just time to fill in between doing the act."

"The wind is my worst enemy," Wallenda once said of his outdoor performances. Last week, as he prepared to walk a wire strung 300 ft. between two beachfront hotels in San Juan, P.R., he was warned that the winds blowing in off the sea were tricky. There was a steady breeze of 12 m.p.h., but with gusts up to 23 m.p.h.

"Don't worry about it," said Karl as he checked the wire at the tenth-floor window, some 100 ft. above the sidewalk. "The wind is stronger on the street than up here."

Karl Wallenda was 73 by now, but still strong, hard-muscled, his eyes a bright blue, his gray hair tufted around his ears. He had said he would make the walk, and so he would. There were 200 people watching. Among them was his granddaughter Rietta, 17, the only relative then performing in his act.

Wallenda had no sooner started than a gust of wind made the cable vibrate. Wallenda stopped, steadied himself. A hush fell over the crowd.

He started again, crossed a little more than halfway. The cable began to sway. Wallenda leaned forward to keep his balance. One young member of his troupe, waiting on the roof at the far end of the wire, warned him to crouch down for better balance.

"Sit down, Poppy, sit down!" the youth cried.

Wallenda started to crouch. A gust of wind suddenly jarred him. Then, as the horrified crowd watched, he started to fall, very slowly at first. He reached out for the cable with one hand, but he was still holding the balancing bar and could not get a grip on the cable. Down he went, still holding onto the pole. Ten stories below, he landed on the roof of a taxi and bounced off onto the sidewalk. At the hospital, he was pronounced dead of massive internal injuries.

Five hours later, two of the old man's protégés joined Rietta Wallenda in doing the high-wire act under the big top in San Juan. The crowd gave her a standing ovation. She bowed and smiled. Tears streamed down her cheeks.

Karl Wallenda crouches in wind; tries to grip the cable; falls past the cable; hurtles toward ground, still clutching balancing pole



WALLENDA—G. SEBERT FOR AP

Americana

Crime and Punishment

Conditions got so bad in the overcrowded county jail in El Paso, Texas, that U.S. District Court Judge William Sessions decided a year ago to order improvements. Little happened. A \$17 million bond issue for a new jail was proposed; the voters turned it down. Then there was an attempt to rebuild part of the old jail, but that petered out amid charges that Sheriff Mike Sullivan was using construction workers on his own home. This month, finding the jail still overcrowded, Judge Sessions declared Sheriff Sullivan and five other county officials in contempt. Instead of jailing them, however, he suspended their sentences on the condition that the population of the prison be held to no more than 500 between now and Sept. 1.

In such circumstances, a way can sometimes be found. The officials got the downtown Plaza Motor Hotel to rent nine of its ninth-floor rooms for the use of 18 prisoners—most of whom were guilty only of misdemeanors.

Cost: \$22.50 per prisoner per day. The county paid \$17-a day per room, plus \$5.50 for meals for each of the inmates. While only one of the 254-room hotel's regular customers complained about the situation, an insurance company threatened to cancel the hotel's policy. What to do? The authorities simply released 25 prisoners on personal bonds.

Still to be settled are those charges against the sheriff for misusing the construction workers. He ordered them, it is alleged, to build a cage for turtles in his fishpond.

Help!

People often complain that it takes the police too long to answer calls for help. Last week, however, the Justice Department released a report suggesting that victims of crime may be just as responsible for such delays. The study, conducted by the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration in Kansas City, Mo., showed that for 1,000 victims of major felonies, it took a median time of 6 min. 17 sec. to call the police. Many victims were said to have telephoned other people, investigated the



crime scene themselves or called a private security guard before summoning police. The survey also cited "hesitancy to take personal responsibility and indecision concerning the need for police assistance." Once the police were called, it took an average of only 2 min. 50 sec. for a car to be dispatched, and 5 min. 34 sec. for it to arrive at the scene. If crimes were reported in 1 min. instead of 5 min., the I.E.A.A. study added, in one of those statistical computations that always inspire wonder, the probability of an arrest would increase by up to 15%.

Unflagging Religion

Should the death of Jesus Christ on Good Friday be an occasion for Americans to lower their flags as a gesture of patriotic mourning? Few would say so, but New Hampshire's archconservative Governor Meldrim Thomson Jr. thinks otherwise. Last week, as he has in two previous Holy Weeks, Thomson ordered all flags on public buildings lowered as a sign of recognition that "the moral grandeur and strength of Christianity [is] the bulwark against the forces of destructive ideologies."

This time five clergymen, backed by the New Hampshire American Civil Liberties Union, decided it was time to call a halt. They sued Thomson on the grounds that his edict was unconstitutional, and U.S. District Judge Walter Jay Skinner agreed. Thomson could lower the flags, Skinner ruled, only if he proclaimed a secular reason for doing so. Next day, however, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the First Circuit threw out Skinner's injunction. "A great victory," said Thomson, as he ordered all official flags—there are about 100 in the state—to half-staff. Thomson said he would personally haul down the flag at the State House.

On Good Friday morning, all of the flags were indeed lowered, but the A.C.L.U. pursued the issue to Washington, where

the Supreme Court voted 5 to 4 that Thomson should cease and desist. Up went the flags. Thomson then issued a "nonreligious" decree asking that the flags be lowered because of the "historical impact on Western civilization of the life and teachings of Jesus Christ." He sent his lawyers back to Judge Skinner to see if that would be legal, but before Judge Skinner could rule, the sun set on Thomson's maneuverings.

Aid for the Needy

The state of Maryland has long benefited \$25,000 a year in salary was plenty for its Governors (before 1967, they got only \$15,000). Though the Lieutenant Governor, attorney general and comptroller have all been getting \$44,856, the state seemed to feel that the Governor would somehow be demeaned if he got a similar stipend.

The last two Governors, Spiro T. Agnew and Marvin Mandel, both supplemented their incomes by taking payments from friends. Mandel even received payment in the form of clothing, jewelry and plane tickets. Both officials lost their jobs when the law caught up with the methods they used.

Now the state legislature has finally decided to rectify matters. It has voted a 140% increase in the Governor's pay, to a salary of \$60,000 a year. That should enable future occupants of the Maryland Governor's mansion to provide their own suits.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIME BY SANDY HUFFAKER



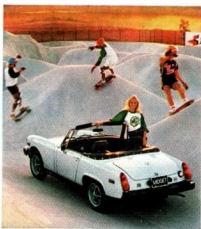
What's in a Name? Lots

Names change with changing events, and so, over the years, a good many Americans have given their children such striking and fanciful sobriquets as Independence Jones, Liberty Smith and Prohibition Anderson. Last week Judy McCartney, from Phoenix, Ariz., arrived in Washington to lobby in support of her favorite political cause, and with her she brought her daughter, a cherubic infant named Equal Rights Amendment McCartney.

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World

MIDDLE EAST

Hard Choices for Israel

After the chill in Washington and bloodshed in Lebanon, what now?

For the first time since Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's peace initiative began four months ago, nobody—in Cairo, Jerusalem, Washington or anywhere else—had the slightest idea what was going to happen next.

When Israeli Premier Menachem Begin returned to Jerusalem at week's end following his grim mission to Washington, he found a nation that was visibly more troubled than the one he had left four days earlier. Israelis were despondent and nervous at the failure of the Begin-Carter talks, and uncertain what effect their Premier's intransigence might have had on the longstanding special relationship between their country and the U.S.

At the same time, the Israelis were having second thoughts about the wisdom of their invasion of southern Lebanon. In the beginning, they had cheered their government's decision to strike back against the Palestinian guerrillas and chase them to their northern sanctuaries. But by midweek, as United Nations peace-keeping forces began to arrive, it was clear that the Israeli incursion, while killing more than 2,000 Arab civilians, had not damaged the Palestine Liberation Organization's ability to wage guerrilla war.

Thus, as Begin returned home, Israelis were faced with several hard choices. These included whether and how to try to resume the stalled peace negotiations with Egypt, how to deal with what prom-

ised to be a redoubled threat against them from the Palestinian guerrillas, whether to reconsider their stand against yielding any of the occupied West Bank, and how to improve their testy relations with Washington. Probably the touchiest question of all was whether these decisions should continue to be entrusted to the nine-month-old Begin government.

On his return, Israel's Premier was in a defensive mood. At a press conference, he said that what were mere "problems of policy" to other countries were "problems of life, of existence" to Israel. Then he added cryptically, "I will put our house in order." As it happened, many Israelis were calling for new directions, and among them was Begin's own Defense Minister, Ezer Weizman.

On the very day of Begin's return, two Israeli newspapers published interviews with Weizman calling for a "national peace government" to replace the present coalition headed by Begin. Though Weizman went to some effort to deny it, the maneuver appeared to be the opening round in a serious challenge by the popular former fighter pilot to Begin's leadership. A broad coalition government was needed, Weizman told the newspaper *Ma'ariv*, because "we are at the height of a confrontation with the U.S. such as Israel has never experienced before." But, lest anybody think he was Washington's candidate for Premier, Weizman emphasized to TIME that he, like Begin, disagrees

with the U.S. position on the West Bank. "If anybody thinks we are going to withdraw from the West Bank," declared Weizman, "they are wrong."

By this time, rumors were circulating in Jerusalem that the U.S. was trying to bring about Begin's fall. Begin responded curtly: "The Premier of Israel is elected by the people of Israel, not by the President of the U.S." Washington, mindful of the fact that nothing could reinforce Begin's position more effectively than for the Carter Administration to appear to be trying to sandbag him, quickly denied that it had written Begin off. Even some of Begin's political opponents were cautioning

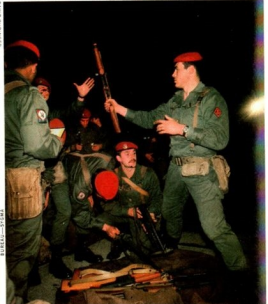
As the hazy smoke of battle fills the sky, Israelis



Iranian troops arriving in southern Lebanon as first contingent of U.N. force



French soldiers after their arrival in Beirut



against any expectations of instant changes. Said Labor Party Leader Shimon Peres: "There may be swift and dramatic developments in the coming weeks, but this move by Weizman is too early and too impulsive." Besides, said Peres, "the Labor Party will not join a government headed by Begin."

Rarely has the Israeli national mood undergone such a series of dizzying and unnerving changes as in the past four months—from euphoria at the time of the Sadat visit to Jerusalem to disappointment when he broke off the peace talks in January, from rage over the P.L.O. raid on Israel three weeks ago to a national rejoicing when Israeli forces invaded Lebanon a few days later. With the fighting, the mood turned ugly and disheartened, as if the whole nation were embracing Begin's three-eyes-for-an-eye formula for retaliation. On at least one occasion, Begin, driving past stone-throwing Arab demonstrators in Gaza, fired into crowds, and there were confirmed reports of a campaign of repression by army units on the West Bank to keep the Palestinian population in line (see box).

Yet there was also a prevailing sense

of national doubt. Only 16 Israeli soldiers had been killed and 42 wounded in the fighting in Lebanon, as compared with an estimated 200 Palestinian commandos killed and another 200 wounded. But Israelis gradually realized that more than 2,000 Arab civilians had been killed and 265,000 had been turned into refugees fleeing to the north. In the coastal city of Sidon alone there were 100,000 of them—packed into schools, a mosque, empty buildings and pathetic rows of tents. In Beirut, hundreds of luxury apartments that had stood dark and vacant since the civil war were filled with refugees.

The P.L.O. was obviously still intact: an unprecedented shower of rockets and artillery shells rained down on northern Israel early last week mostly from new guerrilla positions on the north bank of the Litani River.

By the time the Israelis declared their unilateral cease-fire, on the seventh day of the mini-war in Lebanon, many Israeli commanders were ready to admit that the operation had cost too much and achieved too little. Said one ranking officer: "We could have launched a frogman raid at Damur or at Rashidieh and achieved the same goals—but more quickly, cheaply and with less bad publicity."

Early last week, the Security Council voted to establish the United Nations Interim Force in Lebanon (UNIFIL). Less than 72 hours later the first detachment of 50 Iranian troops crossed the border from Israel into Lebanon, followed by a contingent of French soldiers that arrived in Beirut. Soon after the U.N. vote, Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim had accepted the offers of six nations—Norway, Sweden, Nepal and Senegal, in addition to France and Iran—that had volunteered troops. Before long, about 700 of the



planned force of 3,000 men had reached southern Lebanon, an area already swarming uneasily with Palestinians. Lebanese leftists and rightists, Syrians, Iraqis and Israelis.

Assuming that the Israelis will soon withdraw and that Palestinian terrorism will not break out again immediately, most experts expected a respite in what some believe has been the beginning of open, if sporadic, war between the Israelis and Palestinians. In Israel, Menachem Begin faces a difficult period as he prepares to defend himself against the foundering of the peace talks, the deterioration of the vital American connection, and the stirrings of opposition to his regime. U.S. officials, almost desperate about their inability to deal with him, are trying hard to conceal their hope that Begin's colleagues will conspire to budge the Premier in a way that Jimmy Carter has been unable to do.

In Cairo, Anwar Sadat at first remained silent, though he scheduled a meeting of his National Security Council at the weekend. In the meantime, the

conduct a mop-up operation in Lebanese village



Arab refugees from Israeli bombing in tents at a hastily built camp in vicinity of Tyre



Villagers with white flags talking to Israelis



World



Wounded Arab civilians in Lebanese refugee camp a few days before fighting ended
A three-eyes-for-an-eye policy, carried out with U.S.-supplied arms.

semi-official *al Ahran* observed: "What is important now is not the emergence of a gloomy climate over the Washington talks but rather the development of a firm and committed American position."

Among the countries most concerned about the current split in the Arab world is Saudi Arabia, which is fearful that an-

other Arab-Israeli war might break out before the Arabs are ready for it. Since the Israeli invasion of Lebanon, many Arab leaders have concluded that the Sadat peace initiative has been wrecked and that another Middle East war has become inevitable. The Saudis are particularly concerned because they believe that with

their advanced weaponry, they will be a likely Israeli target in any future war. This is why they have been eager for Sadat to achieve a settlement—and why they are so anxious to receive the F-15 fighters the U.S. has promised them.

In their own calculations, the Israelis must also consider whether to try to salvage the peace initiative while they have a man as unusual as Sadat to deal with. Jerusalem could continue with the obdurate Begin policy: make no real concessions, establish more settlements in the occupied territories and maintain military superiority indefinitely and at any cost. Or the Israelis could make the concessions that Sadat is seeking in order to achieve a declaration of principles with Egypt, sign a first-stage peace agreement and work toward ultimate settlements with the other Arab combatants. This could result in a reduction of Israel's own security position in the West Bank and make the country somewhat more vulnerable than it is at present, but it could also lead Israel to permanent peace and a new relationship with its neighbors, particularly Egypt and Saudi Arabia. Washington, for one, is convinced that this is Israel's only course, that it must make concessions now if it is ever to be able, in Begin's phrase, to put its house in order. ■

West Bank Crackdown

The Israelis have long made assertions about the benevolence of their rule over the occupied territories. But those claims have been often disputed by the Arabs, particularly the nearly 700,000 Palestinians on the Jordan River's West Bank. During the Israeli plunge into Lebanon, complaints from West Bank Arabs about rough treatment at Israeli hands reached a crescendo, as units of the 2,200-member Israeli garrison there carried out arrests and other measures apparently intended to discourage any unrest. There were a few demonstrations, to be sure, but the Israeli crackdown was indiscriminate. Said a Western diplomat in Jerusalem: "There is a widespread feeling that we haven't seen this kind of repression here for years, if ever."

Perhaps the worst incident occurred at Beit Jala (pop. 8,200), five miles south of Jerusalem. One day last week, residents reported, about 50 Israeli troops rolled up in trucks and surrounded a school. Headmaster Louis Rabbo complained that he was "shoved rudely" by the soldiers when he tried to protest. The troops ordered the pupils, all in their early teens, to close their windows, then hurled beer-can-size canisters of U.S.-made CS antiriot gas into the packed classrooms. One student, Mohammed Azzeh, 13, was studying Arab literature in a second-floor classroom when a soldier appeared, ordered the windows shut and added, "Don't be afraid." Two CS canisters then went off. The students in second-floor classes were so frightened that they leaped 18 ft. to the rocky ground below. Ten, including Azzeh, were hospitalized with fractures; several, according to the head of the local hospital, will have lifelong limps. Though military authorities at first denied the incident, it was confirmed to *TIME* Jerusalem Bureau Chief Donald Neff by a score of local residents. Two days after the event, reports Neff, one classroom still bore the stench of gas.

At nearby Beit Sahur, where the local mayor said a similar assault occurred, the schoolchildren were luckier; their school had no second floor, so no students were injured as they tried to escape the gas fumes. A few miles away at all-Palestinian Bethlehem University, where a handful of students were protesting the Lebanon invasion by throwing stones over the wall to the street beyond, Israeli troops hurled gas canisters into the buildings. Of 150 students present, 26 were rounded up arbitrarily and fined \$500 apiece.

There were reports that soldiers harassed Palestinians in at least five villages near Ramallah, a large Arab town (pop. 20,000) north of Jerusalem. The troops would move into a village after dark and round up all males above the age of 13, then force them to stand in the street or do exercises for hours at a time. On at least one occasion, a group of 100 men were taken to the local military headquarters to pick weeds for most of the night. "If we didn't move fast enough," reported a 17-year-old student from Bir Zeit College, "they beat us with their fists and sticks. One soldier told me, 'Your hair is too long.' I said, 'Why do you say that? Don't Jews have long hair?' He said, 'We do, but you shouldn't because you are not human beings.'" The argument ended, said the student, when two soldiers clipped off his hair with a pair of lawn shears. Several other students were given the same treatment.

At 1 a.m. on Thursday, seven Israeli troops and plainclothes officers entered the home of Raymonde Taweel, 36, wife of a Palestinian banker and herself an author and journalist who had been held under house arrest for four months in 1976. They seized her passport, photographs and a P.L.O. flag and took her to prison. The charge: "Terrorist activities and creating public disturbances."

The severity of the Israelis could only further increase tensions in the area. "There were no demonstrations in Beit Jala," declared Mayor Daoud Bisbara after the gas attack on the local school. "The Israelis behaved like barbarians."

ISRAEL

Weizman: "Condemned to Fight"

A onetime Spitfire pilot's political second coming

Israeli Defense Chief Ezer Weizman, the Cabinet minister who greeted his returning boss Menachem Begin in Jerusalem with a widely publicized call for the formation of a "national peace government," has a well-deserved reputation for speaking his mind. So much so that when he was chief of operations for the Israeli forces in the late 1960s, he was told by Moshe Dayan, then Defense Minister, that he would never become chief of staff. "Too rash, naughty, and always shooting from the hip," said Dayan.

The tall, handsome onetime fighter pilot is still firing away, but he seems to be surviving. Not only does Weizman, 53, now have Dayan's old job at the Israeli defense ministry in Tel Aviv, he has also long been considered a leading contender for Begin's job—which, of course, he says he does not seek. "I'm very happy in what I'm doing," he told *TIME* last week, "and I can enjoy it for many years."

Quick reactions and boundless self-confidence are Weizman hallmarks. In the planning for the Israeli charge into Lebanon, it was Weizman's idea to create only a limited "security belt" close to Israel's border, and it was his idea later on in the operation to continue the plunge almost all the way to the Litani River, after it became clear that the Palestinians were putting up a hard fight and trouble was coming from the U.N. In the middle of the operation, Weizman explains with his characteristically dry understatement, "the rules had changed."

In the inbred world of Israel's leadership, Weizman occupies a special position. His uncle Chaim Weizmann was Israel's first President (young Ezer dropped the second *n* in his last name in an early assertion of his independence). His wife Re'uma is the sister of Foreign Minister Dayan's first wife. And in Israel's Likud coalition government, he stands as something of a kingmaker: it was Weizman, the second ranking member in Begin's Herut Party, who ran the campaign that gave Begin his upset victory in last May's elections.

Among Israelis, Weizman has long had a kind of Steve Canyon reputation. He flew reconnaissance missions for the British in Egypt and India during World War II, helped build Israel's fledgling air force after independence came in 1948 and was named commander ten years later. When he left the air force in 1966 to become chief of operations, he said goodbye by buzzing all the Israeli airbases in his personal plane, a vintage Spitfire with a red propeller.

Politically, Weizman is in the midst of what amounts to a second coming. In the late 1960s he quit soldiering to take a post in Golda Meir's government as Minister of Transport, but soon left to go into the shipping and electronics business. Af-

ter a few months of unwanted silence in his new job as Defense Minister, Weizman began falling into his old hip-shooting ways. When he was asked, during the first delicate days of talks with Egypt, about reports of new Israeli settlements in the Sinai, he answered, "What do you want? I am only responsible for Israel's security, not its sanity." Early in March, when he was in Washington negotiating yet another big Israeli request for U.S. arms (\$13.5 billion worth over the next nine years), he got into a widely reported transatlantic squabble with his boss; he told Begin that he would resign if Agriculture Minister Ariel Sharon was allowed to proceed with work on some new settlements on the West Bank against his own orders. Begin agreed to stop the work,

ply trying to help Begin "navigate the ship of state in rather stormy weather."

The Lebanon strike reflected a Weizman maxim. "Israel," he has remarked, "is condemned to fight from time to time. She has to plan her wars more carefully than any other country and achieve all her targets in a very short time." In closed meetings, he has added that "Israel under Begin's rule and myself at the defense desk will not absorb the first strike but will take the pre-emptive strike."

Weizman believes Israel's well-advised readiness to strike first and hard when it felt threatened was "among many secret motives" for Anwar Sadat's November visit to Jerusalem. Weizman and Sadat have similar family tragedies: Sadat's brother Ataf was killed in the 1973 October War; and Weizman's son Shaul, now 26, a former paratrooper, suffered head injuries from a sniper's bullet while stationed in one of the Bar-Lev fortresses in 1970.

Weizman believes that Israel cannot



Defense Minister Ezer Weizman, surrounded by troops, on tour of southern Lebanon

"I am only responsible for Israel's security, not its sanity."

but later grumbled to some aides that the many warriors in his Cabinet (Weizman, Sharon, Dayan and Deputy Premier Yigael Yadin are all decorated generals) "do not know how to take orders—only how to give them."

Weizman and Begin had clashed before. In 1972, only three years after joining the Herut Party, Weizman challenged Begin for the leadership. He lost, but Begin has never forgotten the attempt to unseat him. "I respect him," Weizman wrote of Begin in his 1975 memoirs, *On Eagles' Wings*. "But we are poles apart in our characters, our viewpoints and our personal traits. There was the friction you get between men who lack a 'chemical affinity.'" Today he puts his relationship with Begin a little differently. He is sim-

ply survive forever in a war situation with its neighbors. In the past he has expressed dismay at the stalling of the peace momentum, and he and other top Israelis may be beginning to have doubts on that score about the wisdom of the Lebanon invasion. A top Israeli official told *TIME* last week: "Like generals before him, Weizman has learned that you can know how to start a war, but you never know how it will end."

Before the latest explosions in the Middle East, Weizman told a friend that, following Begin's talks with Carter, "we will know if the peace negotiations are alive, or whether we go for another war. You know my hopes. You have to wish me luck." Even more luck will be needed now, given the storm clouds that the Lebanese operation has raised.

World

FRANCE

Springtime for Giscard

After the election, a call for cohabitation with the left

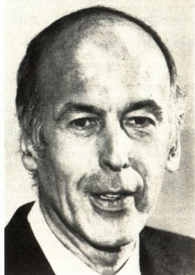
Moments after the news flashed across the country that the left had suffered a crushing defeat in France's parliamentary elections, an eerie calm seemed to settle upon the country. Mercifully, one of the most turbulent, strident and bitterly contested elections in France's modern history had come to a close. Some doom-sayers had predicted that there would be demonstrations by embittered leftist workers. But apart from a brief, lively election-night march by a few dozen center-right celebrators, observers on the Champs-Élysées noted only the formation of a patient queue, intent upon nothing more momentous than buying tickets to *Rencontres du Troisième Type* (*Close Encounters of the Third Kind*) at a movie house. The morning after the elections, when, according to some dark prophecies, plans for crippling mass strikes would be hatched, the French quietly went back to work. Indeed, leaders of France's major trade unions, including the Communist-dominated C.G.T. (General Confederation of Labor), showed much more interest in conferring with President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing than in demonstrating against his government.

The French appeared to accept fully that "nothing has changed, yet nothing will remain the same," as Political Scientist Jean Charlot described the situation last week. Although the center-right coalition won an unexpected 91-seat majority in the 491-member National Assembly (291, v. 200), the balance of forces between the center-right and the left did not shift dramatically. Yet the Socialist-Communist alliance that had almost wrested the presidency from Giscard in

1974 and made stunning gains in the local elections in 1976 and 1977 now lay in ruins. The left's Common Program, calling for inflationary spending for social benefits and widespread nationalization of French industry, was headed for the rubbish bin of history.

At the same time, Paris Mayor Jacques Chirac, 45, the ambitious leader of the Gaullist Party, ceased to be the dominant influence within the center-right coalition. Indeed, one of the election's surprises was that the *Union pour la Démocratie Française*, a loose group of parties supporting Giscard, had polled a remarkable 6 million votes, only 1.1% less than Chirac's party, thereby breaking the Gaullists' five-year stranglehold on the National Assembly. As a result, Giscard, 51, emerged as both the master of present-day French politics and the architect of the nation's future—at least until his presidential term expires in 1981. Aptly summing up the situation, Paris' left-of-center newspaper *Le Quotidien de Paris* headlined GISCARD'S SECOND SPRING.

The elections gave Giscard both a popular mandate and the political means to pursue his oft-repeated determination to "modernize French political life." This meant that the President intended to substitute a political consensus for the left-right polarization that has characterized French history. But ever since his 1974 election, Giscard has been thwarted. On the one hand, a strong Gaullist contingent rejected his proposals for reform; on the other, the leftist opposition consistently refused Giscard's overtures, in the hope of gaining power itself.



A happy Valéry Giscard d'Estaing

After his big win, an opening to the left.

Despite his victory, Giscard was aware that the election results could be read as a warning as well as a mandate. The popular vote in the runoff dramatically illustrated this: 14.8 million voted for Giscard's center-right, 13.9 million for the other side. Accordingly, in an arresting, postelection appearance on nationwide television last week, Giscard made his first conciliatory move toward the left. Looking relaxed and confident, he extended an open hand. "I am addressing myself to those who voted for the opposition; it was your right. But you should know that for the President of the republic, those who voted Socialist or Communist are as French as anyone else—equal members of a national community." De-



Exultant rightists march down the Champs-Élysées celebrating their victory

After one of France's most strident elections, a willingness to accept that "nothing has changed, nothing will remain the same."



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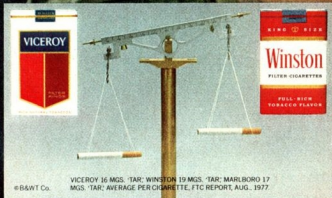
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MGS. 'TAR'; AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE, FTC REPORT, AUG. 1977

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World

ploring the "excessive division of the country," he pledged to bring leftists "on the sidelines" into active participation in the government. In a Gallic turn of phrase that may prove historic, Giscard declared: "It is time to achieve what I might call reasonable cohabitation."

Next day Giscard took steps to bring some strange bedfellows into the Elysée Palace. He issued invitations to Communist Party Chief Georges Marchais and Socialist Leader François Mitterrand—top leftists who have not been inside the presidential palace since Giscard's election. They both agreed to come for consultations, as did Left Radical President Robert Fabre. Leading the rush to the Elysée were the heads of some of France's biggest trade unions, who had also been invited. They included André Bergeron of the 850,000-member *Force Ouvrière* and Edmond Maire, chief of the Socialist-leaning C.F.D.T., the 805,000-member Democratic Labor Confederation. This week Georges Ségué, the powerful boss of the 2.4 million-member C.G.T., is scheduled to make an unprecedented visit to Giscard.

There was speculation about whom Giscard would name Premier when the National Assembly reopens April 3. Early on, the rumors favored Health Minister Simone Veil, who the polls say is France's most popular political figure, and two prominent Gaullists, ex-Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas and Justice Minister Alain Peyrefitte. By midweek, however, Elysée sources were confidently predicting that Giscard would reappoint Raymond Barre. After all, it was no coincidence that the three goals of Giscard's new administration—economic recovery, social justice and bureaucratic reform—were spelled out in the presidential address in exactly the same terms as in Barre's own campaign platform. In addition, Giscard had stressed the soundness of the economic policy devised and carried out by Barre in the past year and a half. To appeal to the left, Giscard was also expected to name some nonpolitical, left-leaning figures to his new Cabinet.

The President's tentative "opening to the left" inevitably displeased Chirac, whose indefatigable, tub-thumping anti-Communist campaign had contributed mightily to the center-right coalition's victory in the election. He quickly claimed that his party's "essential role" in the campaign had now given the Gaullists "legitimate means" to carry out their platform, which stresses law and order and faster economic growth. Not to be outdone by Giscard's promises of social change, Chirac, who plans to run for the presidency when Giscard's term expires, asserted that France needs "profound reforms, not superficial mini-reforms." He added: "The government will have to follow a bolder economic and social policy if it wants to win our votes."

Meanwhile, leftist leaders were con-



Communist Boss Marchais at the polls



Socialist Chief Mitterrand after voting

On the left, an alliance in ruins.

ducting a bitter post-mortem. Mitterrand blamed the left's defeat on the Communists, who "did not hesitate to add their unceasing and violent attacks [against the Socialists] to those of the right." Later, in a closed session of his party's executive committee, he declared: "We did not obtain as many votes as the public opinion polls had predicted because Georges Marchais frightened the undecided voters who were getting ready to cast their ballots for us. They asked themselves how we could govern with the Communists."

Many analysts, including some Socialists, thought it was Mitterrand himself who had frightened undecided voters by his last-minute surrender to Marchais on the issue of how many ministries the Communists would control in the event of a leftist victory. In exchange for Marchais's backing of Socialist candidates in the runoff elections March 19, Mitterrand had agreed to reward the Communists with as many as half of the Cabinet ministries. At that time, Gaston Defferre, the Socialist mayor of Marseille, issued a grave warning to Mitterrand: "Better to lose than give anything to the Communists." Taking a contrary position, the Socialist Party's left wing, which had criticized Mitterrand for not making more concessions to the Communists, refused last week to endorse a Socialist resolution condemning Marchais for "helping the right and postponing the hour of change."

For their part, the Communists were smug about the defeat of the leftist coalition. Indeed, their party's strength has remained stable (at about 21% of the popular vote) for the past 20 years. Many observers thought Marchais had deliberately set out to sabotage the left's alliance rather than risk being dominated by the Socialists in a leftist government. Still, Marchais was hardly prepared to explain what his behind-the-scenes strategy had been. His brash postelection comment was, simply, "We are more than ever convinced that a union of the left is necessary." The party daily, *L'Humanité*, claimed categorically that "the Communist Party did everything to win."

The failure of Mitterrand's attempt to link his personal ambitions to the Communists now renders his political future highly precarious. Moreover, Mitterrand's capitulation to Marchais has made a mockery of his much-touted ability to keep the Communists under control. Last week there was talk that the Socialist leader, now 61, might be headed for retirement. Still, in his 32-year political career, he has frequently exhibited a talent, reminiscent of Richard Nixon's, for bouncing back from defeat. But even if Mitterrand should survive as his party's leader, he remains an improbable candidate for cohabitation with the President, who dislikes him. That situation, at least, seems beyond Giscard's remarkable powers of revitalization—even in the warm, budding days of his second spring. ■

World

ITALY

In Search of the Red Brigades

The Moro kidnaping triggers a duel of nerves

At the corner of Via Stresa and Via Fani, an obscure street names that everyone in Italy knows today, a small, squat school bus braked slowly to a stop, and a flock of teen-age schoolgirls solemnly disembarked. They were 14 pupils of the school of the Little Servants of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, all in dark sweaters over blue smocks and white collars. Two of them walked over to a flower vendor's panel truck near by, bought a bouquet of pink carnations and rejoined the group, now standing all in a row. They laid down their flowers, crossed themselves and paused for a moment of silence.

Before them, on the pavement under a budding willow tree, was an impromptu folk memorial to the five bodyguards who had been murdered during the kidnaping of Aldo Moro, leader of the rul-

ing Christian Democratic Party and a former Premier. The memorial is now a symbol of what the Italian press has come to call, among many other things, the "Strage di Giovedì Nero"—the Massacre of Black Thursday. Several hundred bouquets of flowers were piled neatly in front of a low cross. Pinned to the cross in a cellophane shield were five newspaper photos of the dead. Below them was a brief inscription: "The neighborhood draws close around the families of the five assassinated policemen and the family of The Honorable Aldo Moro, in a commitment of human and civil solidarity." Tacked to a tree near by was a lurid, half-torn Sunday magazine cover showing the bloodied, sheet-covered body of one of the victims. Those scenes of tribute were enacted last week as Rome was virtually

turned inside out in the hunt for Moro and the Red Brigades terrorists who had abducted him. Rome Bureau Chief Jordan Bonfante reports:

That baroque pavement memorial in the residential Trionfale district on the northwest side of Rome is all that marks the site of the terrorist kidnaping that has traumatized the country. The only real sign of normality was the flower vendor at his usual corner. Having been kept away from the scene by the kidnapers, who slashed the tires of his truck beforehand, he was back selling flowers.

Around the corner from the ambush site, the occupants of three blue-and-white police cars surveyed the passing traffic. Two blocks away, in the opposite direction, uniformed border police, pressed into special service, manned a roadblock and checked every tenth car or so. They concentrated on large vehicles, whose drivers were made to show identification while the trunk was searched. Every few hundred yards more police, more roadblocks, more searches extended the tight security blanket over the entire Trionfale district.

"There is nothing more we can search around here," said a young mustachioed lieutenant, putting his drawn automatic pistol on safety to gesticulate more freely. "It is an endurance test now—the winner will be the one who lasts the longest. If they are hidden anywhere around here, they are going to have to come out sooner or later." Then, like any soldier, he griped that the squad scheduled to relieve him men for the next eight hours was late.

The inner core of the search for Moro and his captors covered a quadrant of more than 20 square miles. Working outward from the scene of the ambush,



Troops man checkpoint near Rome while police search cars in hunt for Moro kidnapers



Police spotcheck motorist, while Romans place flowers at impromptu memorial at scene of the kidnap murders

Touching tributes to the "Massacre of Black Thursday," but precious few leads in an endurance test between state and terrorists.

VRR-ROOM!

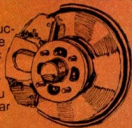
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World

police made from 2,000 to 3,000 searches, building to building, concentrating on garages and basements. The hunters were organized in squads of twelve, infantry-style, with flanking and rear guards.

Outside the city, at key junctions, was a second concentric ring of roadblocks manned by police and thousands of soldiers called in from around the country. Some ten miles farther, the third and outermost ring of roadblocks was set up. As drivers discovered to their discomfort, police stopped cars and leveled their guns at them, while soldiers stood at the ready in the background, sometimes behind sandbags. Tens of thousands of vehicles have been checked. Hundreds of suspicious youths, in particular, have been pulled into local police stations for verification of identity. Suspects have been detained, questioned, released. Clues have gone cold.

Aside from the intensive man hunt, the uneasy country was all too aware of the duel of nerves being played out between the state and the terrorists in two vastly different trials. The first was the legal trial, in a fortified barracks in Turin, of 15 Red Brigades members charged with previous counts of kidnapping, assassination and armed insurrection. Though the trial has been repeatedly postponed as a result of Red Brigades intimidation, authorities were more determined than ever that it must go on.

It was doubtful that the defendants, who have been in jail for more than two years, had anything to do with planning Moro's kidnapping. But they made the most of it, shouting to the courtroom, "Moro is in the hands of the proletariat, and he will be tried. Long live the Red Brigades!" The defendants refused to cooperate with their court-appointed counsel, but Judge Guido Barbaro rejected a request that the prisoners be allowed to represent themselves. Having resolved the legal ruckus, the court ordered the trial to resume again this week.

The other trial, presumably being conducted in a deep hideout somewhere in Rome, was the "People's Tribunal" of Moro. This, according to a Red Brigades message that was left atop an automatic photo booth in the center of the city along with a picture showing Moro in captivity, was the terrorists' way of dealing with the man whom they accused of "criminal counterrevolution." Other public officials who have been similarly kidnapped in the past have also been subjected to these "trials," which consisted largely of forcing the victims to endure endless Marxist diatribes before they were released.

For all its intensity, the search for Moro yielded precious few leads. Items:

► The police found five automobiles used by the terrorists. Two cars had been left at the scene. A Fiat 132 that carried Moro away was found the same day half a mile away, and two more getaway cars turned up on the same quiet, narrow street. Investigators theorize that the vehicles were planted there as decoys designed to lead police to concentrate their search in the wrong neighborhood.

► Witnesses provided good descriptions of four of the twelve terrorists. One was a youthful man with bushy, modish hair and a mustache; two others, clean-shaven, were described as older and heavier. The

reau and by two agents of Britain's Special Air Service, famed for its undercover counterterrorist operations in Northern Ireland. Investigators suspected that the meticulously planned Moro abduction may not have been entirely made-in-Italy. Some believed that a precision team of highly trained foreign terrorists, probably West German, may have committed the attack itself and then turned Moro over to indigenous Red Brigades. The technical planning and organization of the kidnapping was more proficient than anything the Red Brigades had previously undertaken. Police experts estimated that

the operation must have required a minimum of 30 people to organize transportation to safe houses, telephone contacts, surveillance of Moro and even of the florist.

Members of the West German terrorist group, the Red Army Faction, were natural suspects because the Moro incident was strikingly similar, both in its cold-blooded sophistication and its implementation, to the abduction last September of West German Industrialist Hanns-Martin Schleyer. One witness thought she heard a kidnaper speak in German. "Achtung! Achtung!" Another bystander was waved off by a terrorist who spoke with what sounded like heavily accented Italian. An additional element was the chilling professional precision exhibited by one of the killers. One bodyguard had managed to get out of the car and fire three shots at the terrorists—yet one of the killers was cool enough to take two to three seconds for careful aim before shooting the bodyguard in the center of his forehead.

At midweek, a special seven-hour Cabinet meeting drew up a set of stiff new antiterrorist measures, including life imprisonment for murder committed in the course of a kidnapping. The Cabinet also gave police wider power in interrogation and arrests, and relaxed restrictions on police wiretaps and searches. Suspects could be detained for 24 hours just for verification of their identity, and police could carry out preliminary interrogations without the presence of an attorney.

The action did not daunt Moro's captors, who last Saturday night issued "Communiqué No. 2," almost simultaneously in Rome, Milan, Turin and Genoa. The 1,700-word message, a rambling revolutionary harangue about the "menace of imperialist terrorism," made no demand for an exchange of prisoners. It did claim that Moro was being "interrogated" and warned that he would be given "proletarian justice." The police said they had no reason to doubt the authenticity of the ominous communiqué. ■



Judge Guido Barbaro at Turin trial of Red Brigades

A suspicion that the attack was not made-in-Italy.

fourth was a slim young woman with long brown hair and glasses.

► The sale of three airline caps worn by the terrorists was traced to a Rome uniform shop. The buyer could have been the same woman.

The vast dragnet had at least one salutary effect: the capital's normally thriving crime rate was down 30%; there were simply too many cops on the streets. The police presence was also meant to prevent any follow-up terrorist attack, although that deterrent failed to stop Red Brigades gunmen in Turin from shooting and wounding Giovanni Picco, 46, the former Christian Democratic mayor.

Italian authorities, meanwhile, were being aided by a team of specialists from the West German Federal Criminal Bu-

World

RHODESIA

Wedding Day in Salisbury

Black leaders take an oath and praise "new realities"

A newspaper placards in the streets of Salisbury proclaimed WHITE RULE ENDS last week, a small but highly significant ceremony took place in Independence House, Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith's official residence. There three black leaders, the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole, Bishop Abel Muzorewa and Chief Jeremiah Chirau, joined the top echelon of government, the first blacks to do so in the breakaway colony's history. The three blacks took oaths of loyalty to "Rhodesia" (rather than to the present constitution) and were sworn in by a black Anglican bishop, the Right Rev. Patrick Muringidomog, rather than by white President John Wrathall. Said the bishop: "It was a happy occasion, like a wedding."

The ceremony formally established the Executive Council, the four-member group that is to govern Rhodesia for the next nine months, while the transition to black majority rule under Smith's "internal settlement" is worked out. Although some diehard whites hurled accusations of "sellout" at Smith, other whites—and many blacks—were enthusiastic. Sithole, who was once convicted of plotting to murder Smith and two members of his Cabinet, declared: "Zimbabwe [the African name for Rhodesia] is here."

Not quite. The country's name is still Rhodesia, and Smith will remain Prime Minister until a new constitution takes effect after a whites-only referendum some time before the end of this year. But Smith's powers will be diluted. The Executive Council will rule by consensus, with each member having veto power.

Smith will be its first chairman, a position that will rotate every four weeks. Asked whether it was just coincidence that he happened to draw the first lot, Smith gave a nervous smile. "We agreed it would be better this way. We drew lots, and I won."

The council's first job is to decide on the composition of a ministerial council—the transition government's Cabinet, in which there is to be a black and a white



Smith after first Executive Council session



Muzorewa, Sithole, Smith and Chirau greeting well-wishers after inaugural meeting

A "happy occasion," as the bishop said, despite grumbling from the diehards.

minister for each of nine portfolios. Black Rhodesians will be watching closely to see to what extent the black ministers are able to exert real authority, since the Rhodesian bureaucracy could be effectively ruled for a long time by the white civil servants who have always run it. The council also faces hard decisions about how to bring about the internal settlement's promises of amnesties for guerrillas, the release of political detainees and rapid removal of racial discrimination. Only when Smith has won his referendum from whites—a process that he said last week, to the surprise of his black colleagues, may be delayed for six months—will he be able to tackle these areas of reform.

The internal settlement has been criticized both at the U.N., where it was condemned by the Security Council, and in Britain, the U.S. and the so-called frontline states of Zambia, Mozambique, Tanzania, Botswana and Angola. The principal reason: its failure to include the leaders of the Patriotic Front, Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe, whose Soviet- and Cuban-backed guerrillas, poised along the Rhodesian border, are now believed to number 12,000. The fear is that Smith's limited solution will not lead to peaceful black rule but to a black-against-black civil war among the rival political and tribal factions.

Smith told a group of touring U.S. businessmen in Salisbury last week that now that Rhodesia has committed itself to majority rule the free world should "deliver the goods"—meaning that the Salisbury government should be given diplomatic recognition and that the twelve-year-old Rhodesian trade boycott should be dropped. But U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young repeated Washington's position in Zambia: that the settlement would get "very little, if any" U.S. support because it promised "something less than genuine majority rule."

Young was in Africa on an eleven-hour mission to try to persuade all of Rhodesia's nationalist factions to sit down for one last try at a comprehensive peace agreement. The Administration fears that if the Patriotic Front is excluded from any majority-rule agreement, the fighting will engulf neighboring countries as well and create an opening for Soviet, Cuban and South African involvement.

But would Nkomo and Mugabe agree to share power in Rhodesia under any circumstances? The black members of the new Executive Council suggested that there could be a "leadership role" in the new Rhodesian regime for Nkomo and Mugabe if they agreed to return to the country in peace. The chances for that seem remote, given the Patriotic Front's past denunciations of the internal settlement. But that agreement, Sithole maintains, is not subject to change. "We have generated new realities in this country," he says. "They have to be accepted as they are."



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*Hopkinson, J.H. et al. "Effective Pain Relief: Comparative Results With Acetaminophen In A New Dose Formulation, Propoxyphene Napsylate-Acetaminophen Combination, And Placebo." *Curr. Therap. Res.* 19:622-630, 1976. Smith, M.T. et al. "Acetaminophen Extra Strength Capsules Versus Propoxyphene Compound 65 Versus Placebo: A Double-blind Study of Effectiveness And Safety." *Curr. Therap. Res.* 17:452-459, 1975. The kind and amount of analgesic (acetaminophen) employed in the tests are the same as that contained in two tablets of Datril 500.

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Religion

A Dying See

Patriarchate fades in Turkey

He bears ancient and august titles: Ecumenical Patriarch and Archbishop of the "New Rome" in Constantinople, the mother church of Eastern Orthodoxy since the 4th century. He is the symbolic leader of the world's 85 million Orthodox Christians. Yet when His Holiness Demetrios I presides over the Sunday Eucharist at the Church of St. George in Istanbul, the giant chandeliers cast their feeble light across ranks of empty pews. The congregation numbers only a dozen or so worshippers, most of them elderly. The historic see, once the center of half the Christian world, is dying.

The Ecumenical Patriarchate has been caught up in the latest phase of the long-standing feud between Turk and Greek. After the Byzantine capital fell to the Ottomans in 1453, Constantinople (now Istanbul) became the heart of a once vast community of Christian Greeks, or Rum* (rhymes with tomb). In Turkey, Terrible cruelty set in with the 1821-29 war, in which Greece won its independence from Turkey. During that period Patriarch Gregory V was hanged at the gate of his palace. Even so, the Rum still numbered 1.5 million by World War I. Today only 7,000 are left.

Physical attacks are now rare. Still, the Patriarch and his parishioners have suffered continual harassment. Last May, when 150 youths broke into the courtyard of the Patriarch's residence to shout Greeks-go-home slogans, it took local police half an hour to answer calls for help. Greeks tell of job discrimination, unjustified evictions, expropriation of property, telephone threats and demands for "protection" money. Few would remain if the law allowed them to leave with their wealth. Says one: "All we have is tied up in the business. We have sent our daughter to university in Athens, and I hope she doesn't come back." Most youths do not.

Last year the Turkish government slapped new taxes on all 50 Greek churches and 28 parish schools, threatening them with financial collapse. Church carpets, linens and tableware were attached for tax default, even at the Patriarch's quarters. Buildings have deteriorated because the regime must approve all repairs costing more than \$13.

The Ecumenical Patriarchate has had great difficulty operating as an international Orthodox center. Turkey has shut down the patriarchate's press and its once renowned seminary. The regime has tightly controlled overseas travels of the Rum clergy. Last September, officials even yanked the passport of Metropolitan Meliton, the see's chief envoy, just as he

was leaving for talks at the Vatican. Meliton is also engaged in crucial negotiations for a historic Great Synod of the world's Orthodox bishops.

When a new Patriarch had to be chosen in 1972, the government exercised its power and vetoed the strongest candidates. That is why the 58-year-old Demetrios, a man with the qualities of a simple parish priest, was selected, though he was



Patriarch Demetrios in his cathedral

Taxmen attached the linens and tableware.

the junior archbishop. He thereby assumed jurisdiction over millions of Greeks in the West and became "first among equals" of the Orthodox patriarchs.

The worsening conditions in his see led to outcries in recent months from Eastern Orthodox and Roman Catholic prelates in the U.S., and the American State Department may have indicated its concern to the newly installed regime of Premier Bülent Ecevit. Finally Ecevit met with patriarchal leaders on March 7 and two days later with Greece's Premier Constantine Karamanlis. As a result, Ecevit, who raised the issue of similar grievances of ethnic Turks in parts of Greece, is now promising a new era of moderation in Turkish treatment of the Rum. The list of proposed reforms clearly defines the range of past harassment. It includes freedom to repair buildings, possible reopening of the press and seminary, an end to the new church tax and removal of travel restrictions on the clergy.

That gives the Ecumenical Patriarchate some breathing room, but the prospects for its long-range survival remain dim. One day there may be no Rum youths entering the priesthood and no community for the church to serve. Some Americans have proposed that Demetrios move the holy see to one of three sites in Greece already under his jurisdiction: Rhodes, Crete or the spectacular monastery complex atop Mount Athos. Constantinople's historic rival, the huge Orthodox Church of Russia, might offer a locale in a Soviet satellite country like Rumania or Bulgaria. But such a shift might merely mean a worse form of oppression. Demetrios has good reason to try to hold on. If he forsakes the "New Rome," the ancient patriarchates of Alexandria and Antioch might refuse to recognize him as the Ecumenical Patriarch. ■

Clergywomen

10,470 are now ordained

There have been plenty of squabbles about the recent rush of women to become members of the clergy but few statistics. Last week, however, the National Council of Churches reported that an estimated 10,470 women now have full ministerial credentials. They make up 4% of the clergy in the 76 U.S. church bodies (out of 163 surveyed) that ordain both sexes.

That is an increase of 178% since a previous study in 1951, compared with a 62% increase for male clergy. The women are located pretty much where they have always been. Nearly two-thirds work in Pentecostal groups or paramilitary denominations, like the Salvation Army, which have given women full standing for decades. So have two denominations in other categories with the highest number of women clergy, the United Church of Christ (400) and Christian Church—Disciples of Christ (388).

Clergywomen tend to be employed as chaplains, in other special ministries or as parish assistants, rather than as chief pastors of local congregations. One exception is the United Methodist Church: there bishops, instead of local church boards, decide who gets hired where.

A new study on the "Clergy Job Market" by the Hartford Seminary Foundation finds that women clergy are increasing most in the church groups least likely to need many new ordinands of either sex. The worst example is the Episcopal Church, where the rise of women clergy is provoking the greatest trouble. Women now make up 18.4% of students earning Episcopal divinity degrees. Yet that church is already so oversupplied, the Hartford study figures, that if current trends continue, there will be one priest for every lay member by the year 2001. ■

*From an ancient word for Byzantine "Romans."

Medicine

Is the Heart Bypass Necessary?

Cardiologists debate surgery's usefulness for angina victims

In the Disneyland atmosphere, the explosive controversy seemed out of place. But the heated debate about coronary bypass surgery clearly dominated the annual scientific session of the American College of Cardiology, held last month in Anaheim, Calif. TIME Contributor Gilbert Cant attended along with some 7,000 physicians and surgeons. His report:

Dr. Eliot Corday, a past president of the college, was unequivocal. "Bypass surgery," he declared, "is the most important development of the decade in medicine." Not necessarily so, countered a number of cardiologists, notably those affiliated with Veterans Administration hospitals or other federal agencies. Dr. Henry D. McIntosh, also a college past president, summarized their view in a report published in the journal *Circulation*: "Except for certain relatively small [groups] of patients, there is no convincing evidence that the procedure prevents or postpones premature death."

The cardiac bypass was first developed as a regular procedure in 1967, when only 37 operations were performed. Since then some 300,000 to 400,000 have been carried out in the U.S. alone, and the 1978 total is expected to top 75,000. The operation involves taking lengths of vein from a patient's leg and stitching them to the aorta and to coronary arteries so that blockages are bypassed. The surgery demands the most skillful surgical teamwork, commonly takes as long as five hours and can cost \$12,000 or more.

Some critics of bypass surgery have noted that it is already a \$1 billion a year industry and that its ballooning costs threaten the future of other health care in the U.S. Joseph Califano, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, told a Senate subcommittee that if a preliminary Veterans Administration report proves accurate, "hundreds of millions of dollars could be saved through less frequent use of this expensive surgery."

The controversial VA study was made from 1972 through 1974 and dealt only with a narrowly defined group of patients: those with chronic angina (viselike chest pain) whose conditions had remained stable for six months before their participation in the study. Patients with the most severe forms of coronary-artery disease or other disorders were deliberately excluded. Of the 596 VA patients studied, 310 were treated with medication alone, while 286 had bypass operations. The study's conclusions: medically treated patients had a three-year survival rate of 87%; those who underwent surgery only 88%. That minuscule difference caused distress

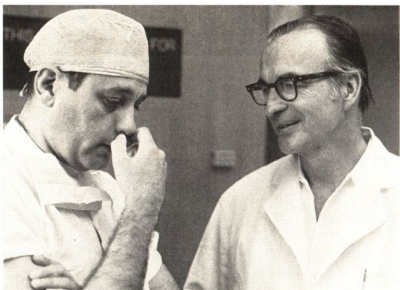
among many heart disease victims. Those contemplating bypasses agonized over whether to go ahead, while others who had already had the operation wondered if it was worth the pain, trouble and expense.

Attacking the VA study, Corday, a U.C.L.A. cardiologist, charged that "the VA's patients were the most unsuitable group to study because their mortality under medical therapy alone was already less than 1%." In agreement was Dr. Don-

ald B. Effler, head of cardiovascular surgery at the Cleveland Clinic when his chief associate, Dr. René Favaloro, developed the bypass. Said Effler: "I think the VA report has already been shot down, and if not, then it will be before sunset." Favaloro, recalled from his home base in Argentina to deliver one of the session's two principal lectures, made an impassioned, hour-long argument for bypass surgery on properly selected patients.

Commented Boston Heart Surgeon Dwight Harken: "Any doubt as to the efficacy and desirability of bypass surgery has now suffered sudden death."

Still, when the shouting finally died down, the VA investigators and their critics were closer to agreement than they admitted. Both emphasized the proper selection of patients. The surgeons conceded that most patients with chronic but stable angina (probably indicating only one blocked coronary artery) do not need a costly bypass. Most also agreed that for victims of the severest disease, characterized by a blockage in the left main coronary artery (a condition that Effler aptly calls "the widow-maker"), surgery is all



Coronary Bypass Pioneer René Favaloro, in surgical headgear, and Colleague Donald Effler
In a Disneyland setting, heated controversy and concern over ballooning costs.

but mandatory. The same is true for patients with progressive or uncontrollable angina who have two or three diseased coronary arteries. Even patients with these severe conditions who have already suffered heart attacks can, 80% to 90% of the time, be freed of pain by bypass surgery, and usually return to an active, productive life, including sexual activity.

Surgery advocates argue that the benefits to the economy from those who return to work are at least equal to the \$1 billion costs of surgery. That is, admittedly, a top-of-the-head estimate. But Harvard's Dr. John J. Collins Jr. presented some convincing figures from one group of 100 patients who had had bypass surgery. According to Collins, these patients, who before surgery frequently required hospitalization, spent so much less time in hospitals after bypass operations that the saving over a period of about 4½ years equaled the cost of the surgery.

In fact, the VA study did have limitations. It failed to emphasize that among the patients given only medication, 17% eventually had to have bypass surgery to relieve angina. In a similar federal study, fully a third of the patients initially treated only with drugs chose surgery within

Economy & Business

Splitting on Anti-Inflation Policy

Economic aides press Carter to act; political counselors fear loss of votes

Identifying the nation's most pressing economic trouble is the indispensable first step toward combating it—but in Washington, there is no guarantee that Step 1 will be followed by a Step 2 of any consequence. The Carter Administration now clearly recognizes that accelerating inflation is the biggest menace facing the economy. Yet action against it is being held up by a split between the President's closest advisers. On the one side are his economic counselors, led by Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal, Chief Economic Adviser Charles Schultze and Federal Reserve Chairman William Miller. In the other camp are his political counselors, principally Vice President Walter Mondale, Domestic Affairs Adviser Stuart Eizenstat and Press Secretary Jody Powell.

Last week the inflation fighters laid a "decision memorandum" on the President's desk urging a variety of actions

to curb the Government's own role in promoting inflation. The politicians, however, persuaded Carter to do nothing, at least until he returns on April 3 from Africa and South America. Meanwhile, the Senate last week passed a farm subsidy bill that the Council on Wage and Price Stability (COWPS) condemned as "one of the most inflationary actions of the Federal Government in recent years." The council estimates that the law could further push up retail food prices anywhere from 2% to 5% next year.

The farm bill is only one, though the most egregious example of spending bills that threaten to swell the federal deficit next fiscal year beyond the already frightening \$60 billion that Carter had budgeted. Connecticut Democrat Robert Giaino, head of the House Budget Committee, figures that it could rise as high as \$70 billion. Consequently, the memorandum presented to Carter urges him to pledge

publicly that he will hold the deficit to \$60 billion and at least implicitly threaten to veto big-spending bills. Says one high economic adviser: "If we go above \$60 billion, the stock market will be affected and so will the dollar. It's damn important psychologically."

Other proposals in the memo: reduce from 6% to 5% the pay raise scheduled for 1.4 million federal employees this fall; open more federally owned timberland to cutting by private companies in order to increase supplies and hold down the price of lumber; pledge resistance to restrictions on trade; appoint a Cabinet-level "inflation czar" to function as a sort of federal ombudsman who would call attention to excessive Government spending.

Taken together, these scarcely add up to a comprehensive program, let alone a draconian one. But most could be useful first steps. Economic advisers figure they would also give Carter moral authority



William Miller



Michael Blumenthal



Charles Schultze



Under a spring sun, farmer destroys part of his wheat crop in Colorado. Farm subsidies could increase food prices by \$6 billion next year.



Walter Mondale



Jody Powell



Stuart Eizenstat

to make a renewed plea to labor and business for wage-price restraint.

Even this program seems risky to the President's political advisers. They contend that Carter cannot be sure the moves would do much to stop inflation. But he can be quite sure that all would annoy some voters: federal employees, farmers and others who stand to benefit from heavy Government spending. One top official characterizes the political advisers' attitude this way: "There is no way to get these policies to work, and parading them out will only piss off all the constituencies for a risky program."

The politicians seem to be winning—so far. Carter made only one mild anti-inflationary move last week. In his Executive Order demanding that federal agencies write regulations in simple English, he included a new requirement. If an agency drafts a regulation that would force industry to spend \$100 million a year or more, it must study and report the possible inflationary consequences of that regulation before issuing it.

Whatever good that may do could be far outweighed by the inflationary increases in subsidies to growers of wheat, cotton and corn provided in the Senate farm bill. Though there was no hard evidence to prove it, and Jody Powell vigorously denied it, there were charges that the White House, in order to win Georgia Democrat Herman Talmadge's support for the first Panama Canal treaty, had agreed to drop its opposition to a Talmadge bill increasing federal payments to farmers who keep wheat and cotton land idle. Talmadge himself estimated the cost of the bill at \$2 billion a year. Farm Belt Senators like Kansas Republican Robert Dole tacked so many other subsidy-raising amendments onto the bill that the net effect, according to Senate Budget Committee Chairman Edmund Muskie, could well be to add \$6 billion to the nation's retail food bill next year. The Senate in part was reacting to farmer protests; last week some farmers were plowing up wheat to demonstrate against prices that they consider too low.

If the House goes along, Carter will face the nasty dilemma of either vetoing the bill or accepting a law that his Council on Wage and Price Stability denounces as raising "a major risk of returning the country to double-digit price inflation." The President's position is so uncertain that COWPS, in blasting the bill, took care to say that it was not speaking for the President.

The danger of delay on anti-inflation policy is that if moderate action is not taken now, much harsher steps may be necessary later. The Joint Economic Committee last week openly raised the specter of wage-price controls, stressing that they might become unavoidable if inflation speeds up. Controls are still anathema to the Administration, as Federal Reserve Chairman Miller repeated last week. But Miller added that if prices con-

tinue rising, the Fed might have to keep money supply tight—and lately its growth rate has in fact been slowing. Tightening up on the money supply still further could kick up interest rates, hurt housing and retard hiring.

To prevent that, the Administration needs to begin immediately crafting a coherent strategy to stop inflation. There are, in fact, political risks in anything it might do, but the risks of waffling will be even greater. Inflation, after all, is the issue that polls show troubling more voters more deeply than anything else.

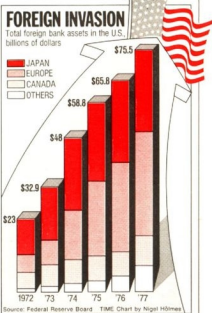
Chasing the U.S. Dollar—at Home

Overseas banks thrive in America but face curbs

Looking for a bank that opens early and closes late, lends money on generous terms, gives free checks to small depositors? If you cannot find what you want at an American bank, you might try a branch of a foreign bank. Attracted by the lush profit prospects of the world's biggest banking market—and by a paradoxical freedom from the federal regulations that restrict American-owned banks—British, Japanese, German, Irish, Israeli, Brazilian and other foreign banks are rushing to the U.S.

The invasion was dramatized last week by the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corp., which has more than 400 branches in 40 countries. It announced that it is negotiating to buy a "significant equity position" in the parent company that owns Marine Midland, the 14th largest U.S. bank, with assets of \$12 billion and more than 300 branches in New York State. Other foreign banks have followed the buy-in route too: European American Bank, which is owned by six European banks, bought out the bankrupt Franklin National in 1974 and now has 97 branches in New York City and Long Island. But takeovers are a small part of the trend. Most foreign banks coming to the U.S. open up quietly on their own and expand slowly into bigger and better things.

The numbers are striking. In 1972, when the Federal Reserve started keeping count, 53 foreign banks owned assets of \$23 billion in the U.S. By last year's end, the number of overseas banks with U.S. operations had more than doubled and their assets more than tripled, to \$76 billion, a rate of growth far in excess of the U.S. banking industry. In New York and California, the nation's major money centers, commercial and industrial loans by foreign banks are now about a third as great as those by large local banks. Most foreign banks dealing with the public still cluster in and around New York City, Los Angeles and Chicago, where they are allowed to do "retail" business. But for various reasons—desire to follow



Ireland invades the biggest banking market
Even on Saturdays depositors are welcome.

corporate clients, changes in state laws that once kept foreign banks out—the overseas offices have also appeared in such other cities as Houston, Atlanta, Miami and Boston.

At first they opened primarily to finance trade between their countries and the U.S., or to serve multinational corporations and people who speak the same language as the bank's officers. Some still cater to an ethnic clientele. But, says Ekkehard Bollinger, executive vice president of the Munich-based Bayerische Hypotheken- und Wechsel-Bank, which opened in New York last summer, "once we are here, it is logical for us to generate our own business with clients who have nothing to do with Germany." Moreover, though they will not say so out loud, some foreign bank officers consider American bankers an unenterprising lot who can be outdone in customer service on their home grounds.

Many foreign banks stay open longer

Economy & Business

Another "Loan" for Lance

No documents—but Passport X-000065 is gone

hours than their U.S. rivals. For example, the Bank of Ireland branch in New York, which opened in late February, conducts business from 8:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., Saturdays included. Typically, the Beverly Hills branch of the British Barclays Bank offers free checking to customers who keep a minimum deposit of \$100, only a third of what most American banks in that rich suburb demand. Barclays also offers free traveler's checks. European American will set up a \$25,000 preapproved line of credit for a small businessperson, even if he or she has no money on deposit in any of its branches; Japanese banks in California will lend as much as \$500,000 to farmers, though few California banks will risk that much in an agricultural loan.

Most important, foreign banks frequently offer loans at interest rates a quarter point or more below those charged by U.S. rivals. In general, says California Bank Consultant Jerry Findley, foreign banks "seem to work on lower profit margins than most U.S. banks."

So far, no complaint. But foreign banks also have what some American bankers consider an unfair advantage: unless they are incorporated in the U.S., they are usually exempt from the federal regulations that restrict U.S. banks, mostly because the rules were written when there were not enough foreign banks in the U.S. to bother about. Unlike domestic banks, the foreigners can operate in more than one state. Although they are subject to some state laws, they are not regulated by the Federal Reserve, the Comptroller of the Currency or the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp. That means, among other things, they can lend out more of their assets because they do not have to comply with the reserve requirements imposed on U.S. banks. And most deposits in foreign banks are not insured by the FDIC. By law, U.S. banks cannot conduct a stock brokerage business; foreign banks in the U.S. can and do.

Some time in April, the House plans to take up a bill that would place foreign banks under many of the regulations applying to their American rivals. Its fate is uncertain; similar bills died in previous Congresses. Big U.S. banks understandably are not eager to push for a crack-down on foreign banking in the U.S.; they fear that such a law might inspire foreign retaliation against their own enormous operations overseas.

Foreign bankers concede that eventually they will be restricted in some manner. For the moment that prospect ironically makes the U.S. more attractive. Whenever the regulatory bill passes, it will probably contain a "grandfather" clause exempting most, if not all foreign banking operations already established in the U.S. So overseas banks that have not yet opened up here are scurrying to do so, and those already landed are expanding their operations. ■

Most good ole Southern boys, in times of trouble and turmoil, strive to affect an air of bold insouciance. Few can match the macho mood of Bert Lance. Since his forced resignation as budget boss last September, Lance has continued to have the ear of his friend Jimmy Carter, and he is not shy in flaunting his special status to prospective business partners. He has trotted around the world flourishing Diplomatic Passport X-000065, which allowed him to bypass customs and which the White House intervened to keep for



Bert Lance shrugs off some new charges

A conduit for Abu Dhabi's Crown Prince

him. Earlier in March an organization called Friendship Force, founded by Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter, invited businessmen to a luncheon to hear Lance report on "a ten-nation European visit with heads of state," although Lance had visited only five countries and met no heads of state. Lance also has become the go-between for wealthy Middle Easterners trying to take over Financial General Bankshares Inc., which controls 15 banks in Washington, D.C., and four states, and that has landed him in more trouble.

It was bad enough that two weeks ago the Securities and Exchange Commission charged Lance and his friends with violating federal law by trying to conceal the extent of their purchases of Financial General shares. Lance's wife LaBelle and four Arabs, including the Crown Prince of Abu Dhabi and Kamal Adham, reported to be head of the Saudi Arabian intelligence

service, had bought 20% of the stock. They apparently coordinated their purchases so that nobody had more than 4.9% (5% or more would have required a report to the SEC). Without admitting any wrongdoing, Lance and others then signed an SEC consent order agreeing not to violate federal securities laws in the future.

Following that, Edwin McAmis, an attorney for Financial General, took a deposition from Lance in connection with a civil suit by other stockholders against Lance and his associates, and turned up yet another "loan" to Bert. This one is the most mysterious of the lot.

The loan could have been for as much as \$3.4 million—Lance was vague on the precise amount—and came from London's Bank of Credit & Commerce International, on whose behalf Lance had approached Financial General with a bid for control. Or maybe the loan was from B.C.C.I. and a subsidiary. Lance said he used it last January to pay off his celebrated \$3.4 million loan from the First National Bank of Chicago, and that was the only point on which he was definite. The latest loan, he said, was arranged by Agha Hassan Abedi, an energetic Pakistani who heads B.C.C.I.

Collateral? None.

Documents? Well, no, though Lance's lawyer, Robert Altman, says some are being drawn up now.

Interest rate? Repayment terms? Well, those were left to be negotiated later. Lance says the money was paid directly to First National. He did not himself handle the money, so he says.

Sniffs one Washington banker: "Nobody would lend me \$35 under those conditions." The deal intensified suspicions that the takeover attempt on Financial General by Lance's associates was more than a normal investment by shrewd foreigners, and that they were willing to pay heavily for Lance's influence. "They wanted an important stake across the street from the White House," says one Washington banking executive, adding: "Some people might think it is important to know about the outstanding loans and balances of Government officials."

Speaking in Atlanta last week on his latest experiences as a TV commentator (on WXIA, an Atlanta affiliate of ABC), Lance refused to answer any questions about the loan, Financial General or any other matters of substance. But he did return his diplomatic passport—"voluntarily," says the White House—on the very day that he gave his deposition about the loan. Lance's airy explanation: Passport X-000065 was a matter not "important enough for the President to worry about." ■

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Economy & Business

Aluminum's Makers Exult

Prices have doubled, and the industry operates at full blast

Aluminum, one of the lightest and most malleable of metals, traditionally has been a cyclical business. But today its producers, almost alone among metal manufacturers, are exulting over prosperous stability. Makers of steel, zinc, nickel and copper are ailing because of surging costs and rising cheap imports, but the aluminum industry cannot keep up with demand.

Since 1973 the price of aluminum has jumped from 25¢ per lb. to 53¢. The gap between supply and demand, some industry leaders assert, will drive the price considerably higher, at least to 60¢ by the early 1980s. Earnings of the big four, Alcoa, Alcan, Reynolds and Kaiser, which control nearly three-quarters of the U.S. market, have climbed sharply. With considerable understatement, W.H. Krome George, chief executive of Alcoa, says, "For once in our life we have been fairly

lucky. Things are rolling along pretty good."

Luck actually has very little to do with the industry's cozy stance. Until 1975 the biggest producers acted as if it was more important to expand capacity than to make money. Even though the Government stood ready to buy aluminum for its strategic stockpile, an excess supply overhung the market, depressing prices. As Duncan Campbell, vice president of Montreal-based Alcan, which sells more than a quarter of its production in the U.S., puts it, "We went through our garden of Gethsemane in most of the 1970s basically because of oversupply. We were gouging each other's eyes out." A costly lesson was learned.

Two events in 1975 set the aluminum executives on a new course, which has been better for the industry but more inflationary for the economy. The strategic stockpile, used by the Government to discipline the industry's efforts to increase prices, was virtually depleted. More important, the race to add new capacity was halted. The reason: it now costs \$2,000 per ton (double the figure of five years ago) to build a new plant, according to Cornell Maier, president of Kaiser. That

considerable figure does not include the costs of developing sources of bauxite, the reddish, earthy raw material, or of electricity, which is used to transform the ore by a reduction process into metal. Even though the industry is operating at full capacity, its rate of return on investment falls short of the target of at least 10%. Says Maier: "We need considerably higher prices to justify new investment."

By suppressing the urge to expand, aluminum producers are now ensconced comfortably in a sellers' market. Capital expenditures are aimed mainly at such things as moneysaving computer controls and materials-handling equipment and the reduction of energy costs. In addition, the big companies are eagerly spending to install machinery that transforms metal into fabricated products such as aluminum cans, electric cable, auto components and building materials. Adding value to ingots increases profits.

These efforts, plus small additions to existing facilities, will increase world capacity by less than 4% a year, while most experts agree that the market will grow at a rate of 5% for the foreseeable future. Only one firm, Alumax, a joint venture of AMAX, the large U.S. mining com-

Those Golden Gnomes

One of the most enduring characters of European folklore is the gnome, a gnarled night creature who lives for centuries, stands only 6 in. when full grown but is seven times stronger than man. With exhilarating wit and tongue-in-cheek charm, Dutch Physician Wil Huygen and Illustrator Rien Poortvliet put together a mock sociological history of the gnome that is proving to be an astonishing money spinner. Ponderously titled *leven en werken van de Kabouter* (The Life and Work of the Gnomes) in The Netherlands, the book is a spoof that solemnly reports that, among other things, Mozart's gnome pal is still alive, gnomes always have twins, they use opium for digestive upsets and would rather be without pants than their conical red caps.

Harry N. Abrams Inc., the New York art-book publisher, bought the English-language rights, insured the risk by bringing in Bantam, the paperback house, as a partner and placed 40,000 copies on the market last fall under the simple title *Gnomes*. The book has sold 250,000 copies at a prepublication price of \$14.95, and Abrams expects it to sell another 150,

000 copies at the full price of \$17.50. Abrams struck a crock of gold. *Gnomes*, says President Andrew Stewart, "will have a significant impact on our profits in 1978. We'd have a good year even without it. Now we'll have a terrific year."

Abrams also stands to make additional "millions," according to Stewart, by marketing many spin-offs of *Gnomes*.



A paper assembly of the wee gnomes' home



Among the ventures that are fairly well set: gnome dolls, calendars, Christmas decorations, jigsaw puzzles, stationery and a gnome home, designed by Artist Poortvliet, that can be punched out from heavy paper and assembled in a few hours. Licensing arrangements are being discussed with companies that are painting to sell gnome dishes, tote bags, pillows, egg cups and jewelry, including an enameled gnome with gleaming diamond eyes. Negotiations are under way for a TV special. While Abrams has resisted

the temptation to cash in by carpentering a gnome book sequel, it will soon publish a historical examination of the ways and wiles of fairies.

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**SEE WHAT'S NEW TODAY
IN A CHEVROLET.**

Economy & Business

pany. Japan's Mitsui & Co. and Nippon Steel Corp., is attempting to cash in on the shortage by investing in new plants in Oregon and South Carolina—a mighty \$800 million gamble.

Lack of a comprehensive energy policy makes the aluminum companies nervous about committing huge sums for new facilities; they cannot be sure that fuel will be available to produce the electricity consumed in gigantic quantities by aluminum smelters. On top of that, the endless rounds of litigation by conservationists delay the construction of new power plants, thus directly affecting plans for new aluminum smelters. A possible result: a shortfall in U.S. production in the early 1980s, which would add to the nation's trade deficit because fabricators would be forced to import more and more aluminum. Says one exasperated industry leader: "Looking at the way they handle the power situation in this country, it sort of makes you think about places like the Amazon, where they don't have quite the same bunch of clowns." The aluminum producers are indeed looking to Brazil and Australia, which have plentiful supplies of cheap power and bauxite, as places to expand production in the years ahead. ■

Kodak Clouted

A big award for Berkey

The business and legal communities were astonished in January when a federal jury of two men and eight women found Eastman Kodak Co. guilty of monopolistic practices in a case brought by New York-based Berkey Photo, Inc., a relatively small competitor. When the same jury last week fixed the penalty, the reaction was genuine shock. Kodak, said the jurors, should pay Berkey \$37.6 million in damages—and that was just the beginning. Because standard procedure is to triple damages for violation of antitrust law, the court is expected to raise the award to \$112.8 million, one of the largest judgments ever against a U.S. corporation.

Had the amount been paid last year, it would have taken a bite out of Kodak's profits of \$643.4 million, which it earned on sales of nearly \$6 billion. Kodak will doubtless avoid paying anything for years, while it carries appeals to higher courts. But the legal battle stands to cloud the future of a company that has suffered some reverses lately. Kodak has been less than victorious in its battle with Polaroid in the instant-camera market, and Kodak's stock has plunged from a 1973 high of 151½ to last week's 42½. What is more, Berkey's is not the only suit Kodak is contesting. Others have been filed by Paveille, a tiny New Jersey firm that went bankrupt in 1975, and by GAF. There also is evidence that the Justice Department may be preparing an antitrust suit against the company. ■



Control Data's chairman William Norris chats with workers in St. Paul

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

Planting in the Ghettos

A prominent American revolutionary wears a frayed blue necktie, likes to cuss and preaches a shake-'em-up gospel. "Too many big businessmen are just sitting on their butts!" he thunders. And: "We talk a lot about human rights, but I don't know of any human right that is more important than a job."

The speaker is William Norris, a Nebraska farmer's son who learned about computers when he was a World War II Navy cryptographer (he helped to break the German code), then sold stock at \$1 a share to start Control Data in Minneapolis in 1957. Last year the company had sales of \$2.3 billion, and its profits rose by 42%. But Chairman Norris at 66 is doing much more than adding to his millions. While other people merely fret and fuss about hard-core unemployment, this plain-talking engineer is taking long risks to create jobs for people who had felt left behind and shut out by the system.

So far, 1,000 people—mostly unskilled and black—have found work in plants that Control Data has opened in the ghettos of Minneapolis, St. Paul and Washington, D.C. The number will rise to 1,400 next January when Norris opens a fourth plant in a renewal area of St. Paul. Other business chiefs have tried to build in the ghetto, only to fail. Norris says he knows why: "They figured it was just philanthropy. They sent in their money, but not their smarts or their guts."

When Control Data built its first inner-city plant in Minneapolis in 1968, Norris laid down three rules: "Make the plant new and modern. Make it profitable. Make us dependent on it, so that we will have to make it work." The plant accordingly was designed to build intricate components.

Norris also sought out local black leaders and followed their street-smart advice: Build a day care center for working mothers. Offer to put them on flexible hours, say, 8:30 a.m. to 2 p.m., or 1 to 5 p.m. Don't ask if the applicant has been arrested. Yes, many have been busted, but what difference does that make? Don't ask for personal references. Should the ghetto resident get the corner bookie to vouch that he pays his bills?

At first, absenteeism and quitting were problems. But Norris and his executives held on, training, prodding, sometimes bailing workers out of jail after long weekends. Today, the average worker in the first plant has held his job for five years, building skills and climbing up. The story is much the same at Norris' other inner-city factories. Says he: "Businessmen come to visit those plants, and they ask, 'Jeez, don't you have terrible trouble with people breaking your windows and smearing your walls?' The answer is no—because if somebody gets a notion to do that, they had better watch out. People in the neighborhood protect the plant. It's a source of pride as well as jobs. They feel it is theirs."

Ultimately, Norris figures, America's cities will be rebuilt by big consortiums of private business. The Government will help guarantee bank loans and perhaps kick in some grants; churches and universities will put in investment funds. Construction companies will erect buildings; transport companies will bid for mass transit; energy, environmental control and waste recycling firms will all have roles, and much of the work will be parceled out to small business. The object is not only to raze and remake scarious neighborhoods, but also to create private jobs, help small entrepreneurs and, not incidentally, to make money.

Control Data is studying cities in which to start, and Norris is talking with some mayors, seeking support. "Dammit," he snorts, "rebuilding the cities will be one of the great growth industries of the future. It will replace the auto as the big provider of jobs—if we Americans can ever get ourselves organized."

We're earning America's trust. One family at a time.

American families don't just give their trust away. It has to be earned. Not just once, but again and again. Year after year. Family after family. And that's what the members of the Million Dollar Round Table are doing.

The Million Dollar Round Table (MDRT) is an international association of more than 12,000 top life insurance professionals, dedicated to

improving the service of life insurance through professional and personal development. Only 3% of all life insurance agents qualify for the MDRT each year, earning their places through hard work and knowledge, dedicated client service and high-level industry involvement.

An agent only earns a seat at the Million Dollar Round Table each year by earning your trust and the trust of your community. One family at a time. He or she earns it by giving you good advice as you plan for a solid future. By helping you and your

family achieve financial security needs. By getting involved in community affairs.

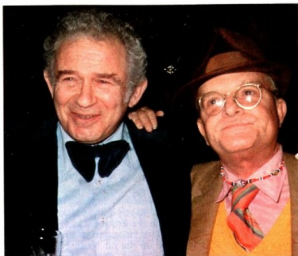
No, a nation's trust isn't just given away. It must be earned. Not just once. But again and again. Year after year. Family after family. And no one believes and practices this more than a member of the Million Dollar Round Table.



The Million Dollar Round Table.

We're earning America's trust. One family at a time.

People



Literary Lights Mailer and Capote brighten a Manhattan discotheque



After the brush-off, Gardner Cox poses with his portrait of Kissinger

One is known for a mean left and the other for a mean right, but last week **Norman Mailer** and **Truman Capote** were on their best behavior. Only bons mots and canapés were passed around at a Manhattan discotheque party celebrating the publication of Southern Baptist **Dotson Rader's** new book *Miracle*. To get in the spirit of things, Dotson and a friend sang hymns between disco numbers. "Why not? After all, television mixes apples with astronauts," opined Mailer, 55, who is writing a book about Gary Gilmore, the executed murderer. "It's a new angle," agreed Capote, 53, who is called the "Tiny Terror" for rattling the skeletons of his celebrity friends in his novel-in-progress *Answered Prayers*. Capote's next book, he says, will be about "a disastrous love affair I had." The T.T.'s proposed literary style: high comedy.

The verdict was thumbs down. **Henry Kissinger** did not like the portrait painted by Boston Artist **Gardner Cox**. One viewer thought it made him look "somewhat a dwarf," and another pronounced it "a rogues' gallery thing." Not surprisingly, the Government, which had commissioned the art to hang in the State Department with Cox's portraits of former Secretaries **Dean Acheson** and **Dean Rusk**, rejected



it. "We felt that the portrait lacked Mr. Kissinger's expression—the dynamism which exudes from him," said State Department Curator **Clement Conger**. Cox will be paid \$700 in expenses—but not his \$12,000 fee.

She never understood, shrugs **Carol Burnett**, the success of her CBS variety show: "When a good movie is on, I watch it instead." But audiences always loved hard-luck Eunice and the other antic victims Burnett has played for eleven years, 286 programs. Alas, *The Carol Burnett Show* signs off the air this week. "It's classier to leave before you're asked to go," says Burnett. How does she explain her durability on the tube? Maybe, she says, it is because she has a "tinge of being amateurish" and is just an ordinary "white-bread woman." Audiences might say enriched.

While New York Senator **Pat Moynihan** strives to become a Washington mogul, Wife **Elizabeth** has been boning up on the Indian model. Ever since her days in New Delhi, where Pat served as U.S. ambassador in 1973-75, Elizabeth has been fascinated by Mogul gardens and by Baber, the founder of the Mogul dynasty.

Burnett taping last show

Inspired by his journals, Elizabeth went back to India in hopes of finding the site of his fabled lotus garden. With the aid of a village wise man, she discovered a Mogul-style well and an octagonal pool 37 miles south of Agra. "I was jumping out of my skin," she says. Back home last week, Elizabeth proudly discussed her find: "It's as if in America we found a new Mount Vernon that Washington had built, or in England a new castle built by William the Conqueror."

On the Record

Luigi Barzini, author (*The Italians*): "We might be the first developed country to turn itself back into an underdeveloped country."

Bill Bradley, New Jersey candidate for the U.S. Senate on always being labeled a basketball star: "I suppose some day, when I've served in the Senate with some distinction and am visiting Russia, I'll read, 'Senator Bill Bradley, the former New York Knick, met today with Leonid Brezhnev.'"

Carlo Maria Giulini, as he got ready to take over his post as music director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic: "I always think I am a very small man. When I shave myself, I look in the mirror and see behind me Beethoven and Brahms."

Environment

Disaster off the Brittany Coast

History's biggest oil spill despoils the French shoreline

Like a grotesque, hook-shaped inkblot, the oil spread menacingly across the water. Along a single stretch of Brittany beach, 25 species of dead fish were found. Vast beds of seaweed, which are harvested to make pharmaceuticals and fertilizer, were destroyed. Thousands of oiltarred birds lay dead or dying. The Channel Islands of Jersey and Guernsey were threatened, as were the sands around the spectacular monastery at Mont-St.-Michel. Driven by gale winds, the oil may despoil more than 160 kilometers (100 miles) of France's ruggedly beautiful Brittany coast, and imperil the Normandy beaches farther to the east as well. By any measure, the spill was the

biggest of all time and perhaps the most devastating. At week's end it appeared that most of the *Amoco Cadiz's* 220,000 tons of crude oil—twice the amount released by the infamous *Torrey Canyon* eleven years ago—would ooze from the American-owned supertanker, which lay broken in two after going aground off the storm-tossed Brittany peninsula.

In the face of this major ecological disaster, French officials were helpless. Winds howled so furiously for most of the week that plastic barricades failed to contain the drifting slicks. Emergency crews were reluctant to use detergents to break up the oil because they feared long-term toxic effects on marine life. Instead, fishermen worked day and night to move valuable oysters and scallops to other waters or to rush them to market.

Understandably outraged, the French opened a full-scale investigation into the calamity, which was apparently caused by the failure of the tanker's steering gear. Possibly because of a dispute over the towing price, the ship's captain—who was charged with negligent polluting by the French—may have delayed enlisting the help of a nearby tug or sending off a distress signal. When a rescue was finally attempted, the sea and winds were so heavy that even the powerful tug could not pull the disabled giant back into the shipping lanes. One immediate result of the spill: a new determination by the French to keep closer tabs on the increasingly heavy flow of oil traffic off their shores.



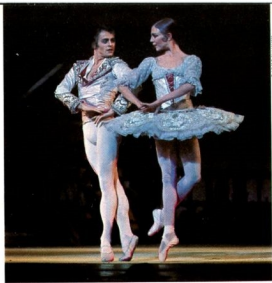
Volunteer holding bird (above) soaked by oil from wrecked *Amoco Cadiz* (below)



Oil washed up from the leaking American-owned supertanker fouls a stretch of beach in France



GERNOT—GAMMA, LIAISON



Baryshnikov and Kirkland in *Don Quixote*



Fan unfurled, Gelsey Kirkland flies through the role of Kitri

Dance

The Americanization of *Don Q*

A bravura triumph for Baryshnikov and Kirkland

Whatever his private anguish at having left the Soviet Union may be, Mikhail Baryshnikov's professional motto must be "Don't look back." Last week, in an American Ballet Theater premiere at Washington, D.C.'s Kennedy Center, he took *Don Quixote*, a favorite Russian ballet little known in this country, and turned it into—a classical vaudeville? A romantic comedy? A Broadway musical *en pointe*? The new *Don Q* is in part all of these, a marvel of speed, timing and razzle-dazzle. The setting is Spanish and the tradition Russian, but the flavor is distinctly American.

Don Q's subtitle, *Kitri's Wedding*, more accurately describes both the Russian and the Baryshnikov versions. It is based on an episode in the Cervantes novel in which an innkeeper's daughter, Kitri (danced by Gelsey Kirkland), manages to marry her true love, Basil the Barber (Baryshnikov), in defiance of her father, who has a richer son-in-law in mind. The visionary Don Quixote (Alexander Minz) and his faithful Sancho Panza (Enrique Martinez) are on the periphery of the raucous doings but play no real part.

It would be a mistake to stretch the comparison to an American musical too far. *Don Q* does have a purely classical dream sequence as well as the familiar wedding pas de deux. Many of the steps come from the century-old Marius Petipa choreography (as revised by Alexander Gorsky). It

is in the brashness, polish and satirical twists that *Don Q* seems transplanted. As Jerome Robbins broke up the anonymity of the old musical chorus line, Baryshnikov has lived up the role played by the corps de ballet, giving many of the 50-odd dancers at least some individuality. Several brief solos, small ensembles or fleeting bits of stage business make for nearly nonstop action. For the A.B.T. corps it must be an exhilarating ballet to dance.

The most exuberant girl around, Kitri, makes a bravura triumph for Gelsey Kirkland. One tends to think of her playing an unearthly maiden in a romantic ballet. But despite her fragile body, she is

a gutsy, bold dancer with almost palpable physical courage. She flings herself into the role of Kitri. Her foot hits the back of her head when she jumps (and she leaps the night away). Her attacks are almost stabbing. Her fan flips constantly—unless she is using it to poke Basil. She so clearly relishes keeping him in line that one wonders if there isn't a bit of a shrew in his future.

The ballet should belong to Kitri—and eventually it will as it enters the A.B.T. repertory and other men take Basil's part. Right now Baryshnikov's dynamism puts things off balance, much as Marlon Brando's Broadway performance in *A Streetcar Named Desire* obscured the fact that the play was really about Blanche DuBois. Baryshnikov is the Figaro of Spanish barbers. He flirts recklessly, he fumes, he pouts. He does a wonderful bit with two mugs, leaping and drinking out of both at once. He

has a hilarious, hollow-eyed mad scene in which he stabs himself—a sort of male Giselle. No choreographer-dancer is more generous to his colleagues than Baryshnikov in *Don Q*, but his acting makes it Basil's story.

The part is interwoven into Baryshnikov's life. He danced the wedding pas de deux at his graduation recital at the Kirov Ballet school in Leningrad. Basil was his first full-length role, one he danced often. Playing it, he says, taught him a great deal: "Technical control, mime, how to use a cape, how to give a flower to a girl, how to be funny, touching, a lover... a lot." He is giving those gifts now to the A.B.T. dancers and, one suspects, a profligate present to the company at the box office as well. —Martha Duffy



Sancho (Enrique Martinez) and Don Quixote (Alexander Minz)

The motto must be "Don't look back."

Art

Stella and the Painted Bird

In Fort Worth, a major show

There are some artists whose precocity almost seems a curse, and one of them is Frank Stella, a wiry, taciturn American of Sicilian descent who turns 42 next month but whose work must seem (to younger painters) to have been around forever. For ten years, from the moment in 1960 when his black pinstripe paintings were exhibited at Manhattan's Castelli Gallery, Stella's work was one of the main points around which the critical debates of that logorrheic decade precipitated themselves.

He was completely a child of abstract art. "Whatever interest I have in people," he once memorably told a reporter, "I have with them in daily contact. I don't want them walking around in my painting." Because of the extreme, not to say polemical, purity of his obsessions, Stella's work seemed exemplary. No young artist's *oeuvre* had ever been so exhaustively discussed, or used to support such a variety of critical positions. As a result, when enthusiasm for "'60s-style" abstraction started waning at the end of the '60s, Stella's prestige began to falter. What happened to him when he began to move out of the "reductionist" aesthetic that his work had done so much to create? "Stella Since 1970," a show of 26 works organized for the Fort Worth Art Museum by Curator Anne Livet, with a brilliant catalogue essay by the art critic Philip Leider, now tells us.

Throughout the '60s, Stella's paintings had been very forthright. Indeed, the clarity of his decisions was the main reason for his reputation as a prodigy. The patterns were absolutely explicit; they straddled the surface like theorems.

But in 1970 Stella, dissatisfied with the plane surface of canvas—no matter whether its edges were an orthodox rectangle or not—began planning constructions, in homage to Russian constructivism and, in particular, its master Kasimir Malevich. Each painting (named after Polish and Russian village synagogues) was a shallow wall relief, built up of interlocking trapezoids and triangles of composition board that stuck out inches from one another and from the wall. Without one vertical or horizontal line in them, these tilting plaques had a mournful architectonic power. One experiences their juts and slippages as a form of physical stress. They were transitional works; but if the lyrical sap moves sluggishly in them, the same cannot be said of his Brazilian and Exotic Bird series—the constructed paintings, or painted



Frank Stella's *Mysterious bird of Ulleta*, 1977: from pinstripes to graffiti, a manic energy



Grajaú I, 1975, and (below) Stella's *albatross*, 1976: the artist as engineer



constructions, that have occupied Stella since 1974.

Starting with the Brazilian series, Stella used the most precise-looking of all materials, metal, to carry the paint. Designing with it gave Stella's work a more overtly constructivist look than ever, in line with Malevich's prediction written 60 years before: "We see now *technical means* penetrating into the purely painterly picture, and these means may already be called 'engineering.'" Of course, a piece like *Grajaú I*, 1975, is only fictive engineering—it does not have to withstand the stresses of the real world, like a truss or a glider wing. But the machined look of those planes, and the clarity with which they are separated, had an important aesthetic result for Stella: the differences between one part of the painting and its neighbor were so clearly defined that the color could become hotter, freer, more complicated, without lapsing into décor. The titles of the Brazilian series are arbitrary—they are the names of places around Rio de Janeiro, picked off a map. But they accord well with the tropical exuberance and intensity of Stella's new colors, the metallic yellows, fuchsias and purplish blues that give the paintings their extraordinary mixture of lushness and rigor.

The Exotic Bird series, in preparation by 1975, pushed further in that direction. The odd titles, which sound like surrealist whimsy—*Mysterious bird of Ulleia*, or, in a sardonic little pun, *Stella's albatross*—were birds' names picked from an ornithological textbook. The paintings court vulgarity every inch of the way. Their forms, based on the French curves used by architectural draftsmen, are cut from honeycombed aluminum. But they are loaded with color, blaring with the kind of greedy, apoplectic vitality. On first sight, they look as though a squad of glue-snorting graffiti artists had been let loose with crayons, spray cans and party glitter in a constructivist warehouse. Surfaces that Stella would once have left pure and flat are loaded with rich, scribbled color. The shapes slice and crash, in and out, mocking the conventions of flatness and integrity of the picture plane.

Yet Stella's control over his means is the emphatic seriousness behind the display. He has at last discovered his own sensuality as a painter, and set it forth in what is, quite simply, the bravest performance abstract art has offered in years: manic energy channeled by an infrangible toughness of mind. Almost a decade ago, Leider's essay notes, Stella described his ambition—"to combine the abandon and indulgence of Matisse's *Dance* with the overall strength and sheer formal inspiration of ... his *Moroccan*." Perhaps that goal, like the target toward which Zeno's arrow flew, can never be reached. But the best of Stella's Exotic Bird paintings come closer to it than anything he, or any other artist of his generation, has done.

—Robert Hughes

Behavior

Ground Rules for Telling Lies

The average American prevaricates some 200 times daily

When is it permissible to tell a lie? Never, according to Augustine and Kant. Machiavelli approved lying for princes, Nietzsche for the exceptional hero—the Superman. Most other philosophers, and ordinary folk, are less certain, allowing some lies, but not others. After some 2,500 years of moral speculation, says Philosopher Sissela Bok, mankind is still trying to work out ground rules for acceptable lying.

In her new book, *Lying*, Bok—the wife of Harvard President Derek Bok and daughter of Swedish Sociologist Gunnar Myrdal—traces the history of convoluted arguments on the subject. For instance, Grotius said that speaking falsely to an in-

difficult concrete moral choices, they give us little help." In the absence of clear social guidelines, she says, casual lying has become entrenched in America. Indeed, Social Psychologist Jerald Jellison estimates that the average American outstrips Pinocchio by telling a whopping 200 lies a day, including white lies and false excuses ("Sorry I'm late. I was tied up at the office").

Bok thinks that the problem is a practical one, because lying by the government has begun to corrupt our politics: 69% of the public, according to Cambridge Survey Research, believe that the country's leaders have consistently lied to them over the past ten years. Bok also argues that lying is now an accepted part of many professions, including law and the behavioral sciences. In a typical experiment in social psychology, for example, a subject is misled about the aims of the study to see how he reacts under pressure.

In medicine, prescribing placebos and lying to patients are commonplace. Says Bok, who teaches medical ethics at the Harvard Medical School: "The requirement to be honest with patients has been left out altogether from medical oaths and codes of ethics, and is often ignored, if not actually disparaged, in the teaching of medicine." Bok sees problems in journalism too. Reporters Bernstein and Woodward, she says, seemed untroubled by "the whole fabric of deception" they used to uncover the Watergate scandal. Those lies, she maintains, were not clearly necessary and may encourage other reporters to use such tactics routinely.



Pinocchio's nose growing after a fib

Is lying now entrenched in America?

truder is not a lie. This, Bok suggests, would be something like knocking a man to the ground, then explaining that you did not hit him because he had no right to be there. Kant insisted that all lies were immoral—even those told to a murderer to protect an innocent life. Erasmus disagreed, but Cardinal Newman sympathized with Kant. His solution: instead of lying to the murderer, knock him down and call the cops. Casuists invented the "mental reservation." Example: "Mr. Smith is not in today"—a lie that is magically transformed into a truth by adding the unspoken thought "to you." The Talmud allows lies for "bed" (inquiries into one's sex life) and "hospitality" (if a host was generous, one could lie about it so that the host would not be inundated by unwelcome guests).

Most norms on lying, Bok writes, grow out of elaborate moral systems of thought that "are often elegant in operation, noble in design. But when we have to make

What kinds of lies should be permitted? Bok's answer: only those approved in advance by the general public. The use of unmarked police cars is one example of socially approved deception. By this standard, she argues, political lies are rarely justifiable. "If government duplicity is to be allowed in exceptional cases," Bok concludes, "the criteria for these exceptions should themselves be openly debated and publicly chosen. Otherwise government leaders will have free rein to manipulate and distort the facts."

Bok feels that doctors should stop virtually all lying to patients, universities should root out fraudulent and deceptive research, and government officials should be expected to stick to the truth. Her point: the public is now so cynical about being lied to that only extraordinary efforts to avoid lying will restore a feeling of trust. Or, as Mark Twain once observed, "Always do right. This will gratify some people, and astonish the rest." ■

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Science

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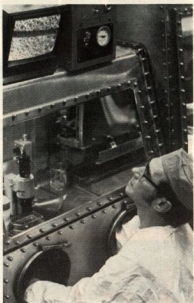
New facility for DNA work

Building 550 is an unprepossessing two-story, barracks-like structure in the U.S. Army's old chemical and germ warfare center at Fort Detrick, Md. Next week it will become the site of an important experiment. Converted at a cost of \$250,000, the facility has been certified by the National Institutes of Health as the nation's first P-4 laboratory, where the riskiest genetic research now permitted by the NIH can be conducted. The lab's initial test will attempt to answer two vital questions: Can recombinant DNA research create dangerous organisms? If so, can they be safely handled in a laboratory?

In the first stage of the experiment, NIH's Malcolm Martin and Wallace Rowe will splice DNA from the polyoma virus (which causes tumors in mice but not in humans) into a specially engineered strain of the common bacteria *Escherichia coli*. The bacteria will be fed to or injected into mice and hamsters, which will then be examined to determine 1) if the bacteria multiply into progeny that also contain the viral DNA, and 2) if the bacteria-carried viral DNA can cause tumors in the animals.

The experiments will also provide a good test of Building 550, which was designed to prevent material from recombinant DNA work from escaping into the environment. NIH officials are confident that the new lab is even more secure than the Lunar Receiving Laboratory, which was built by NASA at a time when it was still thought that astronauts might bring back dangerous bugs from the moon.

To enter the P-4 lab, scientists must



Researcher shows off "glove box"

Even for lunch, it's strip and shower.

first change into special protective clothing, then pass through an air lock designed to keep contaminants out; to leave, even if only for lunch, lab workers must pass through another air lock, strip off their protective clothing and then pass through a shower. At no time will the scientists involved in P-4 experiments come into direct contact with the materials under study. Those tests will be conducted inside "glove boxes," glass-fronted stainless steel cabinets fitted with shoulder-length rubber gloves that enable workers to manipulate the culture dishes, test tubes and microscopes mount-

ed inside yet remain isolated from the experiment. The risk of any leakage will further be reduced by keeping air pressure inside the cabinets lower than that in the room.

All materials used in P-4 experiments will be moved into the glove boxes through an air lock. Everything that leaves will pass through a steam sterilizer and a disinfectant bath; the very air in the boxes will flow through an incinerator before it is vented outside. Even if an altered organism escapes, it should pose no threat. All P-4 experiments must be conducted with a weakened strain of *E. coli* that cannot survive outside the special conditions of the lab.

Foes of DNA research were on hand last week to protest the opening of the new lab. "Why is our money being used to manipulate the genes of life to create a brave new world?" asked Jeremy Rifkin of the Peoples Business Commission. But many scientists who only a year ago opposed recombinant DNA research are now largely convinced that the hazards have been overstated. Besides, as Microbiologist John E. Nutter, manager of the NIH P-4 program, notes, "the potential benefits of being able to reproduce large quantities of genetic material are enormous."

Those benefits were dramatically demonstrated last fall when California scientists inserted into the DNA of *E. coli* bacteria synthesized copies of a gene that orders the production of somatostatin, a vital brain hormone in mammals. Researchers who first isolated that hormone needed nearly half a million sheep brains to produce 5 mg (.00018 oz.) of the substance. But the California scientists used only about 8 liters (2 gal.) of a culture containing their re-engineered bacteria to obtain the same amount. ■

Milestones

DIED. Karl Wallenda, 73, spectacular circus aerialist who lost a high-wire gamble after more than 50 years in the business (see NATION).

DIED. Malvina Reynolds, 77, spirited folk singer and protest songwriter whose gently satirical tune *Little Boxes* brought "ticky tacky" into the language in the early 1960s ("Little boxes on the hillside, / Little boxes made of ticky tacky"); of kidney disease; in Berkeley, Calif. A self-described "working-class woman" with a Ph.D. in philology and folklore, Reynolds found callings in journalism, socialism and teaching before writing songs for folkie friends Pete Seeger and Joan Baez, who recorded her eloquent ban-the-bomb elegy *What Have They Done to the Rain?*

DIED. Faith Baldwin, 84, prolific and perdurable author of nearly 100 books with

an audience of millions; in Norwalk, Conn. An unabashed old pro who could write a chapter a day, Baldwin usually combined the surefire elements of romantic love and great wealth in scores of novels (*Office Wife*, *Private Duty*, *Manhattan Nights*) and countless magazine stories that always stopped at the bedroom door. She seldom wrote about her own life, which took a bittersweet turn when she was reunited with her husband, Gas Company Executive Hugh Cuthrell, in 1953 after 25 years of separation, only to have him die two months later.

DIED. Peggy Wood, 86, versatile singing actress who starred in half a century of Broadway plays but was best remembered as the warmhearted Norwegian matriarch in television's *I Remember Mama* series (1949-1957); of a stroke; in Stamford, Conn. Beginning as a chorus girl in Vic-

tor Herbert's *Naughty Marietta* in 1910, she later moved on to the dramatic stage in both New York and London. Among her notable roles: Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*, George Bernard Shaw's *Candida* and Ruth, the jealous wife, in Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit*.

DIED. John Hall Wheelock, 91, lifelong poet and former chief editor at Charles Scribner's Sons; in Manhattan. At Scribner's, Wheelock worked with Novelist Thomas Wolfe, Philosopher George Santayana and, in a distinguished series of anthologies, launched a number of American poets, including James Dickey and Louis Simpson. His own first book of poetry was published when he was 25, but much of his serene, stately, affirmative verse "poured out," he said, after he had retired as an editor nearly 50 years later.

Evenings that memories are made of...



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Sport

A New Star Lights Women's Golf

Despite a quirky swing, Nancy Lopez is the pro to beat

It began as a frolic in the grass for seven-year-old Nancy Lopez, tagging along behind her parents on weekend outings at the Roswell, N. Mex., public golf course. After a year of child's play, Nancy borrowed one of her mother's clubs and started to swipe at the ball. While her father, a self-taught 3-handicap golfer, trudged up the fairways, Nancy stayed behind, as she recalls, "hitting and hitting and hitting, struggling to stay ahead of the next group of grownups." Tournament golf knows no pressure greater than that on a skinny eight-year-old girl sand-

favorite in this weekend's Colgate-Dinah Shore Winners Circle tournament, the L.P.G.A.'s richest (\$240,000) event.

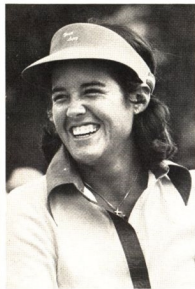
Lopez is only one star in a burgeoning galaxy of young players—such as Hollis Stacy, 24; Amy Alcott, 22; and last year's Rookie of the Year, Debbie Massey, 27—who have flocked to the recently rejuvenated L.P.G.A. tour. The traditional lack of college athletic scholarships for women and new infusions of prize money—purses have doubled since 1975 to \$3.4 million this year—tend to make top women amateur golfers into pros earlier than their male counterparts. The rising stars have done their growing up on the professional circuit and in the process have honed themselves into nerveless competitors while still in their teens and early 20s. The result is an aggressive, charging style of play that threatens to leave some of the tour's conservative veterans by the wayside. Says one longtime observer: "When I watched the L.P.G.A. ten years ago, it seemed that almost everyone played long putts short and safe. Now with the young ones, when they miss a putt, the ball is on the other side of the hole. They're trying for birdies."

Despite the presence of such galvanizing players as Babe Zaharias, Mickey Wright, Patty Berg, Betsy Rawls and Kathy Whitworth, the L.P.G.A. struggled for 25 years as the stepchild of professional sports. The players themselves tended to details like preparing the course for tournament play and dividing purses. Hall of Fame Golfer Rawls, now tournament director of the L.P.G.A., recalled: "When I turned pro in 1951, there were just 15 or 20 of us. We had to do everything ourselves. I used to go out the day before a tournament, mark the ground under repair, set the tees, stake and rope off the course. The next day I went out and played golf." In 1975, with the L.P.G.A. near bankruptcy and its system of self-government under attack in the courts on conflict-of-interest charges, its management passed to professional marketing and public relations experts, who have put the sport into the big time.

The emergence of Nancy Lopez parallels the L.P.G.A.'s slow climb to respectability. Daughter of a onetime farm laborer, she learned the game without benefit of professional advice. Like Lee Trevino, her swing is nonclassic but smooth; she compensates for an untutored backswing by adjusting the club face during the downswing. Sacrilege, but it works. She entered her first tournament, an upstart public-links player in a country-club sport, at the age of nine and made the

other kids look like kids. Her father, then in the auto repair business, worked overtime to finance her tournament trips.

With her winning game and winsome smile ("That's what I do when I get excited—I smile"), Nancy became a terror to other amateurs and a favorite of the galleries. She won eight major amateur titles before entering Tulsa University on a golf scholarship. While a collegian, Lopez won the N.C.A.A. title and played on America's Curtis Cup and World Amateur teams. Still there were snubs: "Because I was a Mexican, there were a lot of Anglos in Roswell who weren't ready to accept the kind of golf I was playing. Now a lot of them like to say they are my friends. But I don't feel I owe them my friendship because they didn't give me theirs when I was young. My parents

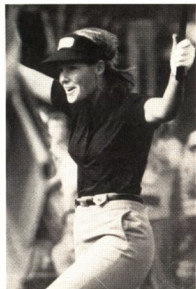


Nancy Lopez smiling her way to fortune

A tyrant off the tee, a genius on the green.

wiched between adults on a busy public links. The tough training paid off. "Pretty soon, Daddy saw my ball rolling past his feet. He told my mother, 'Maybe Nancy can really play.'"

No longer is there any maybe about it. At 21, Nancy Lopez is the hottest young golfer in the pro ranks. In eleven tournaments on the Ladies Professional Golf Association circuit, she has finished in the top ten seven times, beginning with a runner-up mark in her first competition, the 1977 U.S. Open. This spring she won two tournaments in a row before finishing second last week to South Africa's Sally Little in a sudden-death play-off at the Kathryn Crosby-Honda Civic Classic in San Diego. Long off the tee, extraordinarily accurate around the green and a superb putter, Lopez is the young season's leading money winner—\$47,317—and is the



Sally Little celebrating her win in San Diego

A pack of young gamblers, a charging style.

gave me all the chances I ever needed."

Shortly after Lopez's brilliant debut last summer, her mother died of complications following an appendectomy, and the golfer withdrew from the tour. She returned at year's end and started a string of under-par rounds that dazzled galleries often swollen by proud crowds of Mexican Americans. With a full touring schedule ahead of her—30 weeks of strange cities—she is postponing marriage to Fiancé Ron Benedetti, a former Tulsa University baseball star. Her father and her sister Delma occasionally join Lopez for big tournaments, but most of the time she travels alone now, eating in her room and getting to sleep early when she is scheduled to play the next day. And when, in the pros' parlance, a golfer can "play the game" like Nancy Lopez, sleepless nights are for the competition. ■

Blighted Spring in the Bluegrass

A little-known disease endangers the Thoroughbred industry

There is no surer or happier sign of spring and the surge of new life. In the lush bluegrass pastures of Kentucky, new foals test their spindly legs behind those famous white rail fences. In another annual rite, the great stables breed Thoroughbred stallions and mares imported from around the world.

But when spring came North again this year, it brought the threat of disaster to Kentucky and its \$1 billion race horse industry, the world's most celebrated. The danger: a newly discovered venereal disease known as CEM (for contagious equine metritis), which infected at least 21 mares and five top stallions, created bitter dissension among the tight clan of owners and even caused federal and international repercussions.

The story began last June when the U.S. Department of Agriculture began picking up reports of CEM afflicting breeding, first in France, then in Ireland and England. The disease, which can also be transmitted by handlers, makes it difficult for a mare to conceive and carry a foal for the full eleven-month term. Still, neither the British nor the Irish made too much of the malady when the USDA inquired. Neither did the French. According to Ralph Knowles, the department's chief staff veterinarian, the French told the U.S. that the sickness was not highly contagious and that they could certify horses sent to the U.S. as being free from the disease. Unconvinced, the USDA sent a team of inspectors abroad in early September and was alarmed enough by what it found to place an embargo, starting at 12:01 a.m., Sept. 9, on horses from Ireland, Britain and France.

But the damage apparently had already been done, although who, if anyone, is to blame remains unclear. On Aug. 28, Gainesway Farm, syndicators of such champions as Canonero II and Cannonade, imported a \$6.6 million French stallion named Lyphard, son of Northern Dancer. Just before the deadline, Spendthrift Farm, stud managers of Nashua and Majestic Prince, flew in the stallion Caro from France. Both horses arrived with French certificates of health and passed the standard USDA tests. Moreover, both Caro and Lyphard were cleared by a specific test for CEM conducted in midwinter by the anxious USDA, which feared that

some horses imported before the embargo might have been infected.

Even so, when CEM showed up in Kentucky in early March—the first outbreak of the disease ever in the U.S.—it was quickly found in Caro and Lyphard. A frantic search also detected CEM in three other stallions at Gainesway and 21 mares on various other farms. The state banned any movement of horses from one Kentucky farm to another and stopped all shipments of horses out of state. Gainesway Farm's John Gaines and Spendthrift Owner Brownell Combs II



French stallions Caro (left) and Lyphard: Did they bring CEM to Kentucky?

"They sure are calling and holding lynch meetings."

shut down breeding operations altogether. Since he has 33 stallions, valued at \$57 million, Combs was losing hundreds of thousands of dollars a day. The farm's stud fees for a single breeding range as high as \$50,000.

Despite Combs' obvious losses, he was accused along with Gaines of endangering the entire industry. Says Combs of his accusers, mostly Kentucky breeders, who are at once old friends and great rivals: "They haven't got to the stage of throwing rocks through our windows yet, but they sure are calling and holding lynch meetings. There's no way we would knowingly do anything that would be detrimental to the breeding industry. We've been condemned, and we shouldn't be."

Some angry owners blamed the USDA for not detecting the infected horses, and the department frankly admits that it did

not have the proper technology to identify the disease. Says Veterinarian Knowles: "Pioneering is always difficult. We were pioneering in those days." USDA officials accuse their French counterparts of duplicity in not telling the world more about the disease early on. Says one: "I don't think the French played straight with us." The French claim that they followed standard procedures to control the disease.

The USDA now has sophisticated exams to detect the disease, and is in the process of retesting some 200 "high-risk" horses, which entered the U.S. before the embargo. But so far, the USDA has found no infected animals outside Kentucky.

By last week the epidemic of CEM seemed to be abating. Kentucky will lift its ban on the in-state shipment of horses this week, and the out-of-state embargo

will expire on April 14. Tom Maddox, state veterinarian, believes that the breeders can make up for lost time and dollars by extending the season another two or three weeks. Most of the foals from those late-season unions, however, will be smaller and less mature than their rivals when they begin racing.

Still, so little is known about CEM that the USDA experts and some private vets warn that the disease could break out again. Thomas W. Swerczek, a veterinary pathologist at the University of Kentucky and the man who discovered the disease in the U.S., fears that a mare could deliver a healthy foal next breeding season, only to infect a stallion the following year. Says Ahmed H. Dardiri, a top USDA diagnostic researcher: "We simply have no experimental evidence yet on how long it takes to cure a horse of CEM."

One possible way to fight the disease would be through artificial insemination, but that practice is banned by the Jockey Club, which regulates breeding. Because thousands of mares could be fertilized by a single great horse, a few famous stallions would come to dominate the business with the inevitable result of inbreeding. What is more, those high stud fees could be expected to plummet, because the supply of sperm would be so readily available—and, like any businessmen, the Kentucky breeders are out to make money.

In the months ahead, Kentucky breeders may face the threat not only of CEM but other little-known diseases. More and more, top horses are flown from country to country for breeding, thus raising the risk of contracting illnesses. Without vigilance, there may be more blighted springs in the bluegrass country. ■

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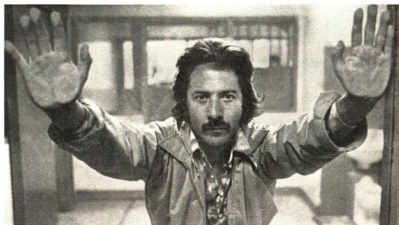


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Cinema



Dustin Hoffman gets ready to be frisked by cops in *Straight Time*

Hard Labor

STRAIGHT TIME

Directed by Ulu Grosbard

Screenplay by Alvin Sargent,

Edward Bunker and Jeffrey Boam

It takes guts to make a movie as bleak and uncompromising as this new Dustin Hoffman vehicle—misplaced guts. The story of a compulsive small-time crook with a lousy past and a doomed future, *Straight Time* makes a fetish of refusing the audience any frills. The movie aims only to describe its unappealing protagonist as coolly as possible—without tears or laughs or passion. This it accomplishes, but at a very steep price: while *Straight Time* offers a convincing portrait of a loser, it never gives us any reason to care whether the portrait is genuine or not.

The fault lies not with Hoffman's performance, but with the movie's narrow, spartan script. The screenwriters are so eager to avoid sentimentality that they turn journalistic objectivity into a form of dramatic Novocain. As we watch Burglar Max Dembo doggedly pursue his career of luckless crime, it is impossible to feel anything but numbness. Apparently the writers believe it is enough to demonstrate that Max is a classic recidivist, trapped forever in a cycle of antisocial behavior, but they can't get off so easily. A character as alienated as Max, however realistically drawn, becomes compelling only if he is rooted in a larger psychological or intellectual context.

There is no context to *Straight Time*; the movie is all matter-of-fact incidents. Max gets out of jail on parole, breaks parole, commits burglaries and awaits certain reincarceration. While one is grateful that the script does not explain Max's self-destructiveness with hand-wringing, Freudian sermons, *Straight Time* might at least have explored the existential

meaning of his criminal joyrides. The movie chooses instead to rub our noses in the sad predictability of Max's life, as if sheer gloom were its own reward.

An innovative director probably could have reshaped this material; in the hands of Jean-Luc Godard or Terence Malick, *Straight Time* might even have been a fascinating variation on *Breathless* or *Badlands*. Ulu Grosbard, who did direct, is but a journeyman film maker. He substitutes slow pacing and dour photography for style. Only the action scenes get him moving: when Max and his cronies stage their robberies, *Straight Time* actually manages to work up a little sweat.

Given the limitations of the screenplay, the cast flesh out the characters as much as humanly possible. Harry Dean Stanton, M. Emmet Walsh and Gary Busey all create idiosyncratic lowlives out of drab dialogue. Theresa Russell (*The Last Tycoon*), playing Max's all too obligatory love interest, is powerfully sexy. As for Hoffman, he works hard and well to create a man who lives in a state of constant punishment. It's an admirable job, but one sadly wasted in a film that punishes the audience almost as much as it does the people on-screen.

—Frank Rich

Breaking Up

SUMMER PARADISE

Directed by Ulla Lindblom

Written by Ulla Isaksson and

Gunnel Lindblom

As they have for decades, four generations of family gather for their annual holiday in the comfortable old summer house on an island in the Stockholm archipelago. The patriarch sometimes wakes up in the middle of the night convinced he's dying; the rest of the time he's a hearty reactionary. His daughter Katha (played with a kind of wary warmth by Birgitta Valberg) is a doctor resisting the

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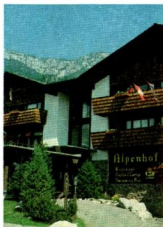
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Cinema



Birgitta Valberg in *Summer Paradise*
Noisy serpents in the garden.

steadily accumulating evidence that the safe, predictable middle-class world is dying. She hopes wanly that the reassertion of family traditions will combine with her own insistently retained routines to stave off the anarchical forces that she sees.

Her friend Emma, a social worker and one of several outsiders visiting the summer paradise, falls periodically into despair over the rootlessness and lovelessness of children she sees professionally, who are the first victims of the decline of old values. Sif Ruud gives a fine portrayal of a manic depressive in this role, and functions as a kind of chorus commenting on the mounting evidence that she is right. One of Katha's daughters awaits the return of a philandering husband, not at all certain he will come back to her or that it will be good if he does. Another daughter has brought along a man she has picked up. Though the growth of genuine love between them is one of the pleasant parts of this movie, the woman has other problems—a daughter of her own who is a latchkey child and a close woman friend: a despondent revolutionary with a near-psychotic child who is the noisiest serpent in this garden.

In the end it is not this lad, but someone we have scarcely noticed—Katha's silent and solitary nephew—who brings the summer to an end in tragedy. He makes us feel, like the characters, that we should have paid attention to him, should have been less caught up in the more colorful melodramas going on around him and in the abstractions they have given rise to.

This description of the film's story plays it false, makes it seem somehow a

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Cinema

schematic representation of a textbook family, when in fact the people of *Paradise* are carefully particularized. The film is the first time that Gunnel Lindblom, an actress in several Ingmar Bergman movies, has directed (Bergman has the producer's credit). Her touch is usually delicate. Even the unhappy ending is understated, though there is a hint of further tragedy to come. There will be more to this family's life, and not all of it a misery, before we write *finis* either to it or to the institution in general. All one can say is that the warning signs of decay have been laid out soberly and provokingly in an artful film.

—Richard Schickel

All Thumbs

FINGERS

Directed and Written by
James Toback

James Toback is the man who wrote *The Gambler*, a particularly pretentious 1974 James Caan vehicle about a dedicated schoolteacher with a fatal weakness for making dangerous bets. Toback's new film is about a dedicated concert pianist (Harvey Keitel) who runs dangerous missions for his Mafia father. Both movies are cut from the same synthetic Dostoyevskian cloth, but *Fingers* actually manages to be more obnoxious than its predecessor. Perhaps the reason is that Toback wouldn't stop at writing the new film; he had to go on and direct it as well.

Fingers is not an auspicious directorial debut. At the narrative level hardly an incident in the movie is credible. Dip beneath the plot and you arrive at a psychological sewer. Among several gratuitous shock tactics, Toback treats the audience to an on-screen prostate examination and the spectacle of two women's heads being smashed together. The film's most persistent Freudian motif is a phallic fixation that borders on the pathological. Though Toback tries hard to emulate the expressionistic style of Director Martin Scorsese, *Fingers* never amounts to more than a flamboyantly neurotic drive-in movie.

The only real evidence of professionalism comes from Cinematographer Mike Chapman (*Taxi Driver*), who has shot New York's mean streets in his usual lucid way. The cast varies from bad to worse. Heroine Tisa Farrow speaks as if she were a spaced-out extra on furlough from *Blow-Up*. Jim Brown, the subject of a 1971 Toback book, is on hand only to act out the script's juvenile racial-sexual fantasies. As the hero, a schizo prone to gesturing with his mouth while banging at the keyboard, Keitel gives the first terrible performance of his career. He is such a bundle of grating mannerisms that one can hardly blame his angry father (Michael V. Gazzo) for telling him "I should've strangled you in your crib."

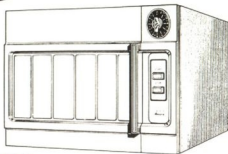
—F.R.

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COVER STORY

High Steppin' to Stardom

John Travolta owns the street, and his Fever seems contagious



Re-enacting a *Saturday Night Fever* scene in his apartment: "You let people have a look at you."

The moves, the presence, the princely mystique: he struts his stuff and keeps running on a fast track.

Check it out! Man walks down that street so fine. Strides easy. Long, looking right. Left then. Then ahead, then left ... snap! ... again, follows that little sister in the tight pants a ways, then back on the beam. Arms arc. Could be some old trainman, swinging an imaginary lantern in the night. Smiling.

Stepping so smart. Rolls, almost. Swings his butt like he's shifting gears in a swivel chair. Weight stays, sways, in his hips. Shoulders, straight, shift with the strut. High and light.

Street's all his, past doubt. And more, if he wants. Could be he might step off that concrete. Just start flying away.

It's all there, in the walk that John Travolta takes through the opening credits of *Saturday Night Fever*. Right there is the little kid from New Jersey who danced in front of the television while he watched James Cagney storm-tapping through *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. The boy in the chorus who trundled his way through a nine-month tour of *Grease*. The young man who landed a supporting part on a sitcom, watched himself become a TV star, a pretty face on a poster, and a purveyor of slick, sappy top 40 ballads. All that brought him a shot at what is still, in the static-charged currents of media celebrity, the ultimate fantasy fulfillment, the greatest of all gaudy dreams: movie stardom.

John Travolta snagged that too. Just took a stroll down the Brooklyn asphalt, and mid-block he had the street tucked neatly under his arm. By the time he got to the corner he had walked away with the turnaway hit of the season, second only to *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* in 1978 grosses. *Saturday Night Fever* has started Travolta along a yellow-brick show-biz road that reaches out of sight, raised discomania to a national craze and made superstars of a likable rock group called the Bee Gees for the second, or maybe it's the third time (see box).

When Travolta first appears in *Saturday Night Fever*, there's an instant charge—a shock of recognition, of excitement, of acceptance. He has the moves, the presence, the princely mystique. No one can fully define star quality, but you can find illustration enough. And, in 1978, that walk is the best one around.

First, you are astonished. Off the tube, in the rarefied, unsparing light of the large screen, this long-lashed poster boy

from *Welcome Back, Kotter* with the hundred-watt blue eyes and the scimitar smile that promises even more than it insinuates, ought to flounder. Instead, Travolta fills up all that space and pushes at the boundaries.

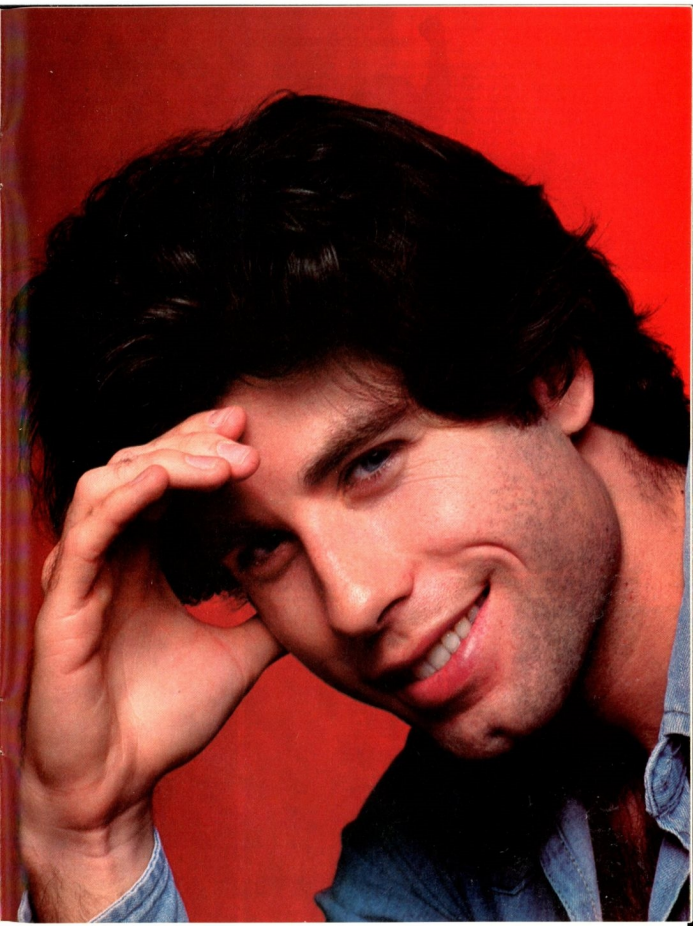
Then you start thinking of comparisons: Robert De Niro blowing the star-spangled mailbox to smithereens in *Mean Streets*; Al Pacino in uniform at his sister's wedding in *The Godfather*, telling Diane Keaton how his father enforced a contract, his voice full of casual, measured menace; Dustin Hoffman end-running out of the church in *The Graduate*. At moments like those, you expect the film to freeze and to see a title appear: "The legend starts here." Travolta's walk said that.

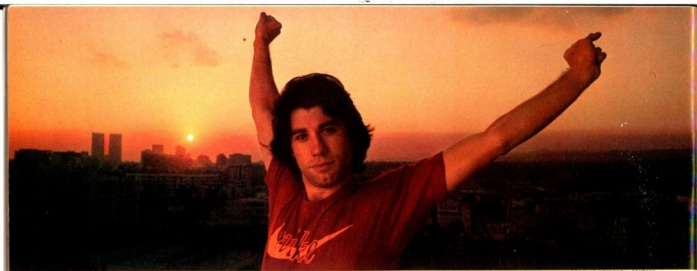
Of course, this is heady company to be keeping, and plunging a 24-year-old with little formal acting training into its midst is probably unfair. Yet suddenly, with one movie, Travolta can be mentioned in that league without apology.

"He is the street Tyrone Power," dithers Allan Carr, a manager-producer who landed Travolta for his \$6 million film version of *Grease*, to be released in June. This time, five years after the road tour, John will have the lead, dancing and singing pre-fab rock-'n'-roll ditties in a voice that sounds like he's been gargling with Ovaltine. His acting skills will not be so sorely tested. "I'd decided not to do the part," Travolta confesses. "But then I reconsidered. I thought, what's wrong with doing a light musical? Brando did it." Clearly, this is a boy who likes to run on a fast track.

File Carr's appraisal for the moment under "glamour" and consider all that De Niro-Pacino-Hoffman talk going around as so much well-intentioned rooting interest. The movie star Travolta most clearly calls to mind is Montgomery Clift. Travolta may lack the depth of Clift's gifts, but he has much the same quicksilver charm. He too can give an audience the sense of immediate but always fragile intimacy, of shared secrets, of private truths known without speaking.

And sexuality. "Maybe the major thing is how sensual he is," suggests Lily Tomlin, who will star with him this spring in a romance called *Moment to Moment*. "And how sexy too. The





Snagging the greatest of all gaudy dreams: Travolta relaxing on the balcony of his Hollywood apartment

DEBBIE GIBLIN—CONCEPT



Johnny playing with a model of his own DC-3: visions of flight

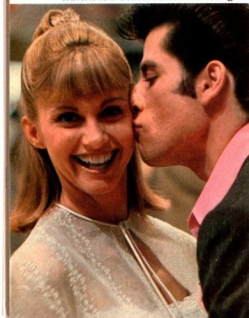
sensitivity and the sexuality are very strong. It's as if he has every dichotomy—masculinity, femininity, refinement, crudity. You see him, you fall in love a little bit." Adds *Saturday Night Live* Producer Lorne Michaels, whose barbed-wire comedy show Travolta keeps promising to host: "John is the perfect star for the '70s. He has this strange androgynous quality, this all-pervasive sexuality. Men don't find him terribly threatening. And women, well..."

There is a whole future in that ellipsis, which does not take away an inch from Travolta's interpretive skills. A closer look at *Fever* will reveal both an actor who works his tail off and a man with a sharp eye for stage business. As Tony Manero, he strides down that block of Bay Ridge swinging a can of paint like a talisman, and when he stops for a snack at the corner pizza stand he orders two slices, then eats them one piled right on top of the other.

Good and clever, but Travolta can cut much deeper than that. Trying out a new step with his ideal dance partner, he provokes an admiring question ("Did you make that step up yourself?") and a neat reply: "Yeah... No. I saw it on television... then I made it up." The modification, and the contradiction, were Travolta's invention, and they say a lot about Tony Manero's stubborn pride and restless insecurity.

If any more proof be needed, then the scene on the bench facing the Verrazano Bridge is the clincher. Travolta speaks of the building of the bridge, all its specifications and statistics, like a

Travolta as a '50s hero in *Grease*: wooing Co-Star Olivia Newton-John; hanging tough on a car engine; touching up between takes



Show Business

man surveying an escape route from Brooklyn he is not sure he can ever take. His girl—the one he has been trying unsuccessfully to put the make on—hears the longing and the edge of desperation in his voice and kisses him on the cheek. He makes no move toward her, does not, in fact, even look at her. His eyes are full, and he is crying. Travolta says now that the weeping tears surprised him as much as anyone else, and they may be a sentimental, softening gesture toward his character. But they also make the scene something that lingers in the memory long after the flash has faded and the beat has died.

Just now, Travolta holds the winning hand, or most of it, anyhow. There is no wild card. No overheated tales of profligacy and indulgence. No seamy revelations. The usual insinuations, to be sure, but no backstairs gossip that is verifiable, no sagas of ruinous excess and careening self-destruction. Superstars very often provide their own portfolio of legends to join the ones fashioned for the screen: the abandon of Brando, the hipster brashness of James Dean. If the material isn't available, then the superstars get tagged with it—De Niro is alleged to be Garboesque, Pacino sullen and distant, Redford some kind of Crunchy Granola mystic who holes up alone in Utah.

Travolta cannot be immune to this mythmaking process. Like autograph hounds, it comes with the territory, and the quiet kid from Englewood, N.J., is already getting typed as a kind of Steiff TV hoodlum. This has something to do, of course, with the parts that have brought him fame: Vinnie Barbarino in *Kotter*, Tony in *Saturday Night Fever*, even Danny Zuko, the cuddly tough guy in *Grease*, all rough-and-ready roles with a hint of self-mockery and a double dose of wistfulness. Travolta's low profile will be his best chance of holding onto his privacy and whatever portion of himself he wishes to preserve for his intimates. The public Travolta, personable and shy, canny and eager, is like a picture in a child's coloring book, where only the bold, broad outlines of a figure are provided. The drawing will take any colors you want. Only the original artist holds the full, definitive master sketch, which he shares sparingly.

Stories, memories, reflections about Travolta come back a little like your favorite shirts from the cleaners: well laundered and stiff. Marilu Henner, a former Travolta flame from the *Grease* road company who is still a close friend, was reminiscing recently about how they would skip down the streets of Manhattan's West Side, making up little street improvisations to play out. One rainy day inspired a fantasy of sinister dealings in a dense London fog. "I'd say to him, 'Is e coming?'" Marilu laughs. "And John would look over his shoulder and say, 'No, I don't think so.'" Another acquaintance, trying to summon an example of the Travolta wit, could recall only his remark to the husband of a very pregnant wife: "Boy, you must have a high sperm count."

Such low-altitude flights of humor and fancy would not qualify Travolta to bus dishes at the Algonquin Round Table. That may be the way he wants it. Part of Travolta's success has been sticking close to what he knows and where he comes from.

His old neighborhood in Englewood hasn't changed, and his parents still live in the same frame house. Kids frequently descend on the place now, and the elder Travoltas pass out glossies of their youngest son. Down in the bright red basement recreation room, there is a large bulletin board crowded with pictures of all the kids. Here the superstar receives equal billing with his siblings, and his picture smiles out among shots of

Ellen, now 37, who is acting in pilots for both NBC and CBS; Margaret, 32, who does TV and voice-overs in Chicago; Anne, 29, just married and acting in New York City; Joey, 27, who was once a teacher and has now taken off for Los Angeles with a gift of \$5,000 from his kid brother and the promise of a screen test; and Sam, 34, who has worked for years as a shipping clerk at Fabergé but, hooked on show biz ("While I was in the service in Europe, I did *Dial M for Murder*"), is learning to play the guitar and trying to get his own band together.

If the Travolta clan has not yet become the Barrymores of Bergen County it will not be for want of the firm support and encouragement of Helen ("a very sensitive, giving woman," says Johnny) and Sam ("a very gentle, sensitive man") Travolta. Sam played semipro football and baseball, worked in the tire business to keep the family dreams within reach. Helen, who was one of the Sunshine Sisters on Hackensack radio during the '30s, joined a local stock company after she married Sam. "She was a great, great actress," Sam says. Adds Helen: "They used to compare me with Barbara Stanwyck."

In the midst of raising the six kids, Helen also found time to direct neighborhood theatricals and pass along some sound tips on acting to young Johnny. "I said once you become a character, you are another person," she recalls now. "You have to be quiet when it is not your turn. And you just don't make an entrance by running into a room. You let people have a look at you as you walk in."

These lessons took root, and Johnny was soon up for a part in one of Helen's productions down at the local high school. He wanted a role as big as Brother Joey's, balked at taking second billing and toddled out of the show. He consoled himself with such pursuits as organizing backyard carnivals and starting a bowling alley in the basement with croquet balls and milk bottles (20¢ per game, soda pop a nickel extra). He did extravagant, free-form tap dances in front of the TV, imitating Cagney ("I loved him. He was so loving and sensitive") in *Yankee Doodle Dandy*.

No doubt young Johnny was spoiled in a manner befitting his position as the youngest in a large family. "None of my friends were allowed to eat as much candy as me," he remembers with glee. This indulgence has left him with a marked weakness for such caloric luxuries as tuna-melt sandwiches and hot-fudge sundaes. Maybe part of the extra attention was also due to some special parental intuition that their youngest was the most gifted of the brood. At six, Johnny was off visiting Sister Ellen in a road company of *Gypsy*. "He'd mouth all Merman's songs from the records," she remembers, "and he could dance every part." When he was nine, he got his first part in a local workshop production of *Who'll Save the Plover?* A retrospective appreciation from Mom: "He had only two or three lines, but he said them so meaningfully."

His talent, indeed, was tripping him up in school, distracting him and keeping his grades marginal. He tried to charm and con his teachers with conversation, or, as he puts it now, "I tried to communicate with them on a more adult level." This ploy kept him hanging in, but mostly what he learned to do in high school was dance. At Dwight Morrow High, recalls his schoolmate Jerry Wurms, now working for Travolta's production company and still his closest friend, "we were both taught to dance by the blacks. Somebody in the corridors or outside always had a radio, and somebody was always dancing." Says Travolta, "Whatever new dance came to school, I learned it. I think the blacks accepted me because I cared about them ac-



Travolta with the late Diana Hyland and her son
"Every color I ever imagined."

Show Business

cepting me. They seemed to have a better sense of humor, a looser style. I wanted to be like that." One day, coming back from the school bus from a football game, some of the team started singing a James Brown song with the chorus, "Say it loud/ I'm black and I'm proud!" Travolta waited for his moment, then retaliated with "Say it light/ I'm white and outa sight!" One early indication of the Travolta charm is that he not only survived the bus ride but also got a few laughs into the bargain.

Along with his tutorials in ethnic rhythms, Travolta had also enrolled for professional dancing lessons at a local school run by Fred Kelly (brother of Gene). Reinforced by the enthusiasm of Sam and Helen and looming academic catastrophe, Travolta left school and home at 16. "I decided I was good enough to compete with the professionals," he remembers. "So I went into New York City."

He lived with Sister Anne and during his first year in the Big Apple landed two parts (in revivals of *Gypsy* and *Bye Bye Birdie*) and an agent-manager named Bob LeMond, who has been with Johnny ever since. "He was a dream," LeMond says. "He got the first part I ever sent him up for, and he's never been turned down since." Young actors currently enduring the rigors of the tough scuffle, or more established ones who still nurse the scars, may be heartened to learn that, in fact, Travolta was rejected in his first movie attempt (for *The Panic in Needle Park*). He scored on his second, rather more modest call—a commercial for h.i.s slacks.

By the time he turned 18, he was on the road with *Grease* and keeping an eye on the lively, lush-figured Marilu, who was bouncing around beside him onstage. "Johnny's spontaneous, but he's not impulsive," Marilu maintains, a fact well borne out by their romantic scenario. Johnny made it through most of the tour before he and Marilu became, as she says, "involved."

Marilu maintains that Johnny is "definitely a one-woman man, very selective. He's not the kind of person you worry about at a party." Marilu and Johnny moved in together back in Manhattan, played out their fantasies of London fog and foreign intrigue on the Upper West Side, ate tuna melts and guacamole (never at the same sitting), listened a lot to the sound track from *Last Tango in Paris*, and even worked together in a show called *Over Here!* For the last night of the show, Travolta had resolved to try his luck Out There. In Hollywood, his old pal Jerry Wurms drove Johnny to auditions on the back of his motorcycle. Travolta scored his first movie job in a little horror called *The Devil's Rain*, in which he melts into a puddle of liquid putrescence while shouting, "Blasphemer! Blasphemer!"

Things looked up after that; how could they not? Johnny landed the Barbarino role in *Kotter* and started his steep, fast climb. He was passed over for a role he badly wanted in *The Last Detail* but won a prime supporting part in Director Brian DePalma's nightmare fairy tale, *Carrie*. He had already broken up with Marilu, but while working on *Carrie* he had become the hottest hood on TV since The Fonz. Four-color posters were being printed, and record contracts were in negotiation.

The summer after *Carrie* was completed, Travolta found himself one of the tube's major attractions, a status that snagged him his own made-for-TV movie, *The Boy in the Plastic Bubble*. The part was the first serious test of his dramatic talent. The experience, and its aftermath, turned out to be the most serious of his young life.

His co-star, who played his mother, was an exquisitely naturalistic actress named Diana Hyland. She was 18 years older than Travolta, had a young son and an uncertain medical history. They spent a lot of time together, talking quietly on the set. At the cast party, Travolta remembers, "we admitted not only a friendly attraction but a sexual one. The intensity of it

was new to both of us." They "well, sort of kissed." Then Travolta left on an extended holiday, did some long thinking.

When he returned, he says, "we started getting involved. There was something about her—a quality I can't define even now—that I found so appealing. It exceeded anything physical. She had every color I ever imagined in a person." She told him that their six months together were the happiest time of her life. While he was making *Saturday Night Fever*, Diana Hyland died of cancer.

Travolta knew about her sickness, but mentioned it to none of his friends. He said only that she was hospitalized for back trouble. "I used to make deals with myself," he remembers. "If she'd survive, I'd sacrifice seeing her again." He flew to California to be with her at the last, then went to Brooklyn to finish the movie. Says Travolta, "I would have married her." With seven months of analysis behind him, Travolta turned to Scientology to get him through the bad time. "He put his attention to the work and overcame his emotional feelings," Director John Badham recalls. "Some of the best scenes in the movie were done during that period."

No longer flummoxed by what Scientology calls "the low tones," Travolta now lives by himself—quietly, and quite simply—in a penthouse apartment in West Hollywood. The place, decorated in what might be called bachelor functional, has lately undergone some sprucing up after a magazine article described the digs as drab. It also currently houses his buddy Jerry and *Fever* Co-Star Donna Pescow, who are both searching for their own digs. There is a pool table, an Advent TV screen and many prized airplane models, though he no longer spends much time gluing the things together himself. Travolta's fascination with planes is not limited to miniatures; he began taking flying lessons at 16, bought a sporty single-engine Aircopter for \$5,000 a few years ago and now owns a twin-engine DC-3 big enough to accommodate not only his whole family but a flock of friends as well.

Travolta spends his scarce free time with close friends such as English-born Actress Kate Edwards, Jerry Wurms and Marilu Henner, or—as on one weekend—hunting for some rural real estate in the \$50,000 to \$200,000 range. An evening at a favorite Japanese restaurant on Sunset Strip is likely to be interrupted by autograph hunters, who receive a friendly greeting but sometimes no signature. "Autographs are sort of impersonal," he told some fans recently, extending his hand, "but I'd like to meet you." A lot of the fans are young and pretty, but Travolta resists temptation. "Before I was famous, I had what you would call one-night experiences," he reflects. "But I find these are much more exciting in my fantasies than in reality."

If there is no steady girl in the picture, there are plenty of contracts, deals, packages and gross points to preoccupy him.

So the sky's the limit. Insurance companies will not let him risk his million-dollar neck by piloting his DC-3. Travolta, grounded for the foreseeable future, consoles himself with fantasies of flight. "Gee," he remarked in the Los Angeles County Museum as he surveyed a vault among the treasures of King Tut, "wouldn't it be great if they opened up one of those tombs and found an airplane inside?" From the time he was small and watched commercials for Mars candy ("They were the best—they'd fly you right through the Milky Way"); from the times he got Sam Travolta to spin him around the living room ("Fly me, Daddy!"); from the spring he persuaded his father to help him build a "real" plane in the backyard (the wings and fuselage were made of wooden planks and car batteries powered the propellers)—Travolta has dreamed of soaring, of escaping.

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Travolta as tot, age one year



Stage-struck, age eight

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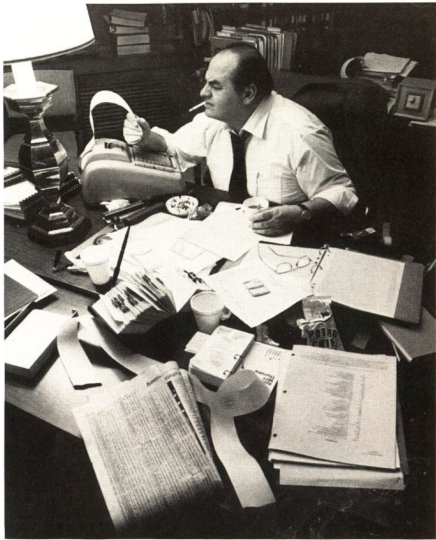
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With a powerhouse bass line that pushes and pulses, they have one of the biggest-grossing albums in history (partly because the *Saturday Night Fever* sound track is two records and costs twice as much as a single-unit album... but let the accountants quibble). *Night Fever* is the No. 1 single, and *Stayin' Alive*, which occupied that slot for four weeks, is now nestled comfortably under it in the No. 2 position.

Four weeks ago, an incredible half of the Top Ten hits belonged to the Bee Gees. No one has crowded so much competition off the charts since the Beatles, who once had five records in the Top Ten, but, as Robin Gibb hastens to point out, "they hadn't written all of them." The Brothers Gibb (whence Bee Gees), three sassy-smart lads from Down Under, have clearly scaled to the Very Top. The boys netted between \$12 million and \$15 million last year. High on the perks of stardom (big houses behind high iron gates, lots of jewelry), the boys keep one another in line with some good brotherly barbs. Barry describes Robin's heavy gold rings with sardonic pleasure as "symbols of his immense wealth." When another outlandish income statement arrives, Maurice is likely to ask, "Does that mean I can keep me car?"

Not so very long ago, the barbs were considerably more lethal, and the careers of the brothers far dodgier. Born in Manchester, England, to Barbara (a former nightclub singer) and Hugh Gibb (leader of a 13-piece dance band on a ferryboat), the brothers started singing in public in 1955 due to technical difficulties. Barry, then nine, and the twins Robin and Maurice, three years younger, would show up at local Manchester movie palaces and come out between shows as the Rattlesnakes, dancing and moving their lips to pop records piped in from backstage. One day the record broke just as they were about to do a Tommy Steele ditty, and the Rattlesnakes were on their own. "We had a natural harmony," Barry remembers, "and we got through it."

Shortly afterward the Gibbs moved to Australia, eventually settling in a resort town called Surfers Paradise, where the boys—now known as the BGs—played some local clubs. The brothers' persistence landed them a record contract in Sydney, where, says Barry, "we proceeded to have about 14 flops in a row." Adds Maurice: "For that you get a chocolate record—and it melts." Undismayed, they announced that they wanted to go to England and elbow into the pop explosion. Dad at first opposed the plan and threatened to have his sons' passports canceled, then abruptly changed course and put them on the boat back to England in 1967.

The Bee Gees started peddling their demos in the crowded, demanding London scene. They received scant interest until they got a call from a Mr. Stickwood, who turned out to be Robert Stigwood, the pop music nabob. An audition was arranged. Stigwood arrived, late and hung over, and

kept his head buried in his arms as the boys gave him their version of *Puff (The Magic Dragon)*. "We started to worry we were making his hangover even worse," Maurice remembers. Finally Stigwood cut them off, mumbled something that sounded complimentary and signed them to a five-year contract. Says Robin: "We realized Bob didn't really care what we sounded like. It was our songs he wanted."

Under Stigwood, the group had nine hefty hits, mostly deep-pile ballads that were like carpeting for the cars. "We would write rock songs—good ones—and they'd say, 'That's nice, where's the ballads?'" Robin remembers. "That was all they wanted." The boys were also suffering from the aftershocks of sudden success. They drank to excess, indulged in lots of speed, lived crazy and spent big. "There was a time," recalls Barry, "when I could walk out the front door and every car to the end of the street was mine, from the white Rolls at the front door to the Alpha at the corner."

ED CARNEY

Maurice, who had five Rolls-Royces and six Aston Martins, practiced his own kind of inventory control by periodically picking himself and trashing one of the cars. Says he: "I was getting to be a real alky."

The group buckled under the pressure, broke up for a year and a half, from 1969 to late 1970. "Dad came to me," says Robin, "asked me to make it up. I told him, 'Go 'way, Dad, or I'll put a pair of cement shoes on you.' Then he tried to make me a ward of the court." It was the brotherly bond that finally forced a reconciliation. "If we hadn't



The three brothers in gleeful concert: Maurice, Robin, Barry

been related," Robin speculates, "we would probably never have gotten back together."

The boys cooled off and cleaned up their act. Their sound gradually became more sinuous than in years past, bouncier and less simplistic. Barry and Maurice moved to Miami, where the recording-studio conditions are ideal and the living is easy. Their experience in the Stigwood-produced *Saturday Night Fever* worked out well enough for the Bee Gees to enlist in another Stigwood enterprise, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, which will appear this summer. They show up in this one singing 30 old Beatles songs and co-starring with Peter Frampton. "The whole focus of the movie is on Peter," reports Robin with some dissatisfaction. "We're always running around saving him from something."

To redress such imbalances in the future, the boys have, like Travolta, established their own production company, and are planning a long concert tour and a new album for this summer. Robin may even move over from England (maybe to Miami, "or maybe Long Island"), depending on the tax situation at home and whether living Stateside continues to keep everyone relaxed. But the hot frenzy of fresh success is stirring some familiar memories. "It's starting to feel very much like 1967 and '68," Barry says. "It gets so everybody's running your life, or trying to, and you can't breathe. Ask our wives. If anybody knows, they do. You have to protect yourself. Or else you end up like distant friends, passing in the corridor between appointments."

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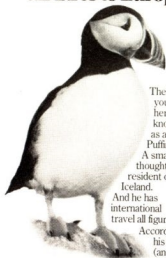
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Books

The Far Side of Friendship

SCOTT AND ERNEST

by Matthew J. Bruccoli; Random House; 168 pages; \$8.95



Zelda and F. Scott Fitzgerald at the time of *Tender Is the Night*



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"Please lay off me in print. If I choose to write de profundis sometimes it doesn't mean I want friends praying aloud over my corpse."

Romanticism is the cash crop of American literature. The making and unmaking of the self has absorbed the labors of our most talented writers. They, in turn, have been processed into romantic legend by journalists and biographers, to a point where literary heroes are more read about than read. Ernest Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald have been through this mill more than most, and their legends have picked up a number of impurities along the way.

Both authors contributed distinctively to their public images. Decades past his prime, Hemingway could still glisten with the confidence of the writing world's heavyweight champion. Norman Mailer nailed the truth with brutal accuracy and a looping mixed metaphor when he boldly announced his own self-aggrandizing shot at the title in *Advertisements for Myself* (1959). Hemingway, he wrote, "knew in advance, with a fine sense of timing, that he would have to campaign for himself, that the best tactic to hide the lock-jaw of his shrinking genius was to become the personality of our time." Fitzgerald, on the other hand, was not much of a self-promoter. He even seems to have taken a sad pleasure in his role as the unstrung harp of the jazz age. "I talk with the authority of failure—Ernest with the authority of success," he wrote in his *Notebook*. His difficulties with alcohol and his desperate need to duplicate his youthful suc-

cesses often drew harsh responses from his old friend Hemingway. In a letter to Maxwell Perkins, their editor at Scribner's, he blamed Scott's troubles on his "cheap Irish love of defeat" and wanted him to stop trying too hard for another masterpiece, adding that "only fairies deliberately write masterpieces."

With friends like Hemingway, Fitzgerald did not need hostile critics. The most famous act of unkindness occurred in 1936, when Scott publicized his torment in "The Crack-Up," an article in *Esquire*. Later that year, Hemingway published *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* in the same magazine. The story contained a gratu-

itous reference to "poor Scott Fitzgerald" and that famous line from *The Rich Boy*, "The very rich are different from you and me." The reply is often assumed to have been Hemingway's: "Yes they have more money." At Fitzgerald's request, his name was deleted and "Julian" substituted in later editions of the story. But the impression lingered, and still does, that Fitzgerald had an indiscriminating reverence for the wealthy.

In *Scott and Ernest*, "a documentary reconstruction of their friendship and estrangement," Matthew Bruccoli suggests it was Hemingway who had his nose pressed up against the glass. "I am get-

Excerpt

Hemingway to Fitzgerald, 1934

“Forget your personal tragedy. We are all bitched from the start ... But when you get the damned hurt use it—don't cheat with it ... About this time I wouldn't blame you if you gave me a burst. Jesus it's marvellous to tell other people how to write, live, die etc. ... You see, Bo, you're not a tragic character. Neither am I. All we are is writers and what we should do is write. Of all people on earth you needed discipline in your work and instead you marry someone who is jealous of your work, wants to compete with you and ruins you. It's not as simple as that and I thought Zelda was crazy the first time I met her and you complicated it even more by being in love with her and, of course you're a rummy. But you're no more of a rummy than Joyce is and most good writers are ... You are twice as good now as you were at the time you think you were so marvellous ... All you need to do is write truly and not care about what the fate of it is.”

Books

ting to know the rich." Hemingway told Max Perkins and Critic Mary Colum at lunch. And it was Colum who replied, "The only difference between the rich and the other people is that the rich have more money." Making Fitzgerald the victim of this putdown, says Brucoli, was one of several instances when Hemingway adjusted embarrassing truths to preserve his image.

In fact, says the author, Hemingway is the only source for some of the most widely repeated anecdotes about Fitzgerald. Many of them are contained in *A Moveable Feast* (1964). That posthumous volume begins with Hemingway's cryptic statement that though the book could be read as fiction, "there is always the chance that such a book of fiction may throw some light on what has been written as fact." Too many readers have confused light and facts. For example, in *Moveable Feast*, Hemingway gives the impression that Fitzgerald's literary advice was worthless, although a ten-page memo from Scott to Ernest about changes in *The Sun Also Rises* indicates that Fitzgerald was an excellent editor whose suggestions were taken.

At the beginning of their friendship, Fitzgerald was already successful and Hemingway an unknown living off his first wife Hadley's trust fund. Scott brought Hemingway's genius to the attention of Perkins, thus beginning a long and profitable association. Even after the friendship cooled, Fitzgerald continued to champion Hemingway's talent and write him concerned letters. Hemingway's correspondence has yet to be fully published, though most of it was read by Carlos Baker for a life biography *Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story*. Portions of those letters quoted by Brucoli indicate that though Hemingway could be sympathetic, he used a lot of ink telling Fitzgerald to shape up or ship out. That Scott's drinking habits made him a difficult friend is a fact well documented. There was, of course, Fitzgerald's wife Zelda, who hated Hemingway. He, in return, contended that she had ruined her husband's talent with her jealousy. Writing to Editor Perkins in 1933, Hemingway was of the callous opinion that Fitzgerald's salvation lay in Zelda's death or a stomach ailment that would prevent his drinking.

Brucoli takes the plausible view of their relationship: Fitzgerald had not only a genuine regard for Hemingway's genius but also an immature fascination with Hemingway the warrior and sportsman. Ernest, by contrast, had a desire to dominate and turn a cold shoulder on those whose help might appear to challenge his independence. The list of his ex-friends included Sherwood Anderson, Gertrude Stein, John Dos Passos and Archibald MacLeish.

Fitzgerald suffered the greatest pain—and possessed the most generous memory. His letter requesting that his name

be removed from *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* is a masterpiece of wounded pride, exhibiting a grace under pressures more trying than Papa's wars or big-game hunts.

"Dear Ernest. Please lay off me in print. If I choose to write *de profundis* sometimes it doesn't mean I want friends praying aloud over my corpse. No doubt you meant it kindly but it cost me a night's sleep. And when you incorporate it (the story) in a book would you mind cutting my name? It's a fine story—one of your best—even though the 'Poor Scott Fitzgerald etc.' rather spoiled it for me."

—R.Z. Sheppard

Mayorissimo

HIMSELF! THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MAYOR RICHARD J. DALEY

by Eugene Kennedy
Viking; 288 pages; \$10.95

As America's urban malaise deepened in the late '60s, a revisionist theory about the governance of American cities took shape. It dictated that machine politics is a better system than the progressivism preached by editorial writers, professors and other muzzy do-gooders. Proponents would offer Chicago as ruled by Richard Daley—"the city that works"—as exhibit A.

Certainly Chicago has withstood the termite trends better than New York, the ancient source of its inferiority complex.



Daley at the Democratic Convention, 1968
Politics was unremitting combat.

and such closer rivals as Detroit and Cleveland. And certainly Daley, who dominated the city's political back rooms and front parlors, must get credit. His death 15 months ago after almost 22 years as mayorissimo was truly a national event.

How Daley climbed from night-school striver to feared duke is the lesser part of Eugene Kennedy's *Himself!* Kennedy is more interested in his subject's mentality and soul and in political hierarchy. For this exploration the author is aptly qualified: he was a Catholic priest for 22 years, still serves as a psychology professor at Loyola University of Chicago, and has a sense of the Irish American tribe that only genes can provide.

Kennedy does not have to probe very deeply to find in Daley the spirit of an Irish warrior chieftain. Gaelic legend has a mother feeding the weaning morsel to such an infant with the tip of his father's sword: no better means to teach the proper ways of life and death. To Daley, politics was unremitting combat. Once attained, power could not be shared because sharing would tempt others to become chieftains.

Daley is seen skewering his rivals, and an occasional ally when necessary, in his long march to dominion. Kennedy depicts him often playing "the Irish warrior hanging the enemy heads on the gate."

The city within that gate, Daley's duchy, was a festival of contradictions. The mayor was a friend of labor, but he squashed a union leader when a taxi strike threatened disruption. He was an old New Dealer, but he knew how to promote business. He wanted dollars from Washington, but even when the donor was a Democratic Administration, Daley insisted that his city hall rather than alien bureaucrats control the money. He was relatively honest, but he tolerated the baksheesh habit all around him because it served the System and the System served him.

Kennedy's city hall portraits and caricatures cannot be faulted. The author's implied conclusions—his four cheers for Daley's works—are far less persuasive. He accepts Daley's atavistic brand of leadership as not merely effective, but necessary. He does not pause to wonder whether having potholes filled quickly is worth dictatorship by a corrupt machine. He gives scant attention to the hallmark of successful tribalism: suppression of all weaker tribes. He seems not to recall that other cities from time to time, such as La Guardia's New York and Philadelphia during the Clark-Dilworth period, have managed to combine decency and effective government.

The book conveys much of the joyous, raucous spirit of Chicago, but in the end its message is as grim as Richard Daley's phiz. It is far easier to give power to a warrior chieftain than to get our cities' diverse tribes to govern themselves by the quaint notions taught in civics classes.

—Laurence L. Barrett

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TIME SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD.



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Books

Town Crier

THE POISON THAT FELL

FROM THE SKY

by John G. Fuller

Random House; 113 pages; \$6.95

There seem to be not one but two writers inside the prolific John G. Fuller. One has produced sober, responsible books on banking and medical research. The other is better known for his hyperthyroid, irresponsible studies of psychic phenomena. In 1965 Fuller, whose various incarnations include a stint as a columnist for the *Saturday Review* and Emmy Award-winning work as a television producer, published *Incident at Exeter*. In it he concluded that the unidentified flying objects sighted and reported around the country were of extraterrestrial origin. A year later, he wrote *The Interrupted Journey*, the preposterous account of a Portsmouth, N.H., couple who claimed to have been abducted by unearthly creatures.

Nor were these Fuller's only transgressions. In 1975 he published *Arigo: Surgeon of the Rusty Knife*, an approving look at a South American "psychic surgeon." Then, a year ago, Fuller brought out *The Ghost of Flight 401*, in which he credulously describes the experiences of flight crew members who claim to have seen apparitions of colleagues killed in a plane crash.

Given these credentials, Fuller is unlikely to be trusted by readers concerned with accuracy, responsibility or perception. A pity. For Fuller has just written a true, tragic account of Seveso, Italy, a town ravaged by a toxic chemical. The "Italian Hiroshima" occurred shortly after noon on July 10, 1976, when a chemical reactor at Icmesa, a plant owned by the Swiss firm of Hoffmann-La Roche, overheated, then blew its safety valve and released a huge grayish cloud into the clear Italian sky. Workers and company officials assumed that the cloud and the droplets that fell from it onto homes, gardens and livestock were composed of trichlorophenol, an irritating but nonfatal chemical. But the overheating reactor sent the temperature of the TCP soaring above 200° C. Dioxin was formed—a substance so lethal that one hundred-millionth of a gram in a two-pound mixture would kill half the rabbits who might eat it.

Trichlorophenol, the most active ingredient of the defoliant 2,4,5-T, had already proved its baleful capabilities in Viet Nam, where the defoliant was held responsible for liver cancers and birth defects. The dioxin seems certain to be worse. Within a few days of the explosion, residents of the town watched their cats and dogs stagger and die. Birds literally dropped out of the air. Peo-

ple experienced nausea and blurred vision; many developed chloracne, their skin erupting in painful, disfiguring running sores.

Fuller is guilty of a few errors in his reporting of this full-scale disaster. It is misleading to suggest that the cancer fatal to a Seveso woman within a few months after the explosion was caused by dioxin; cancer has a long latency period and takes many months if not years to develop. Nor can it be proved that cancer is a result of something so gross as damage to the chromosomes; most scientists agree that the triggering mechanism is far more subtle.

Despite these flaws, *The Poison That*



Children barricaded from Seveso, Italy
Birds literally dropped from the air.

Fell from the Sky is a first-rate piece of reporting. Fuller movingly captures the anger of Seveso residents as they are evicted from their now untenable homes, their bewilderment as they wonder what the dioxin will eventually do to them, their frustration as government and company officials argue about what can be done to detoxify their town. He does an equally good job of warning his readers that what happened in Seveso can happen in their own towns. One need only consider the Kepone poisoning of Virginia's James River, the PBB contamination of Michigan or the vinyl chloride threat to U.S. plastics workers to realize the immediacy of his message. Yet *The Poison That Fell from the Sky* is not a polemic. It is simply an urgent, surprisingly muted, cautionary tale. Much of Fuller's past work should be ignored. His new book must not.

—Peter Stoler

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Time Essay

How to Raise the U.S. Mirth Rate

"From there to here, from here to there, funny things are everywhere." Thus spoke Dr. Seuss, and true enough. Novelist Erich Maria Remarque made a kindred point: "Not to laugh at the 20th century is to shoot yourself." Yet the sad fact is that mirth in the U.S. is neither what it once was nor what it might be. As early as 1968, in *The Rise and Fall of American Humor*, English Professor Jesse Bier solemnly declared that "we are in great part humorless as never before." Other humor experts, who cannily refuse to be associated with their opinions, believe that laughter has continued to dwindle because Americans are losing their former skill at recognizing humor when it comes along unannounced. The good news: relief is at hand.

It has come in the form of a new theory that offers to identify humor with mathematical precision. John Paulos, mathematics professor at Philadelphia's Temple University, has worked out a way to plumb the anatomy of a joke by applying to it a marvelous flight of mathematical wizardry known as the catastrophe theory. It is based on a dazzle of equations so dense not even a child trained in the new math could grasp it.

The basic idea becomes somewhat clearer with an effort to visualize it. The theory requires one to imagine an arrangement of geometric surfaces at different levels and a point moving along one surface, until suddenly it plunges to another surface. The plunge of the point marks the convergence of the conditions that give rise to such catastrophes as war, riot, chemical explosion, deodorant failure. In Paulos' application of the theory to humor, the surfaces represent levels of shifting meaning, the point becomes the leading edge of a joke, its plunge signals the punch line.

As an illustration, Paulos offers the one about a fellow who goes to a computer dating service seeking a partner who is short, gregarious, formally attired and fond of water sports. "We are led by the joke so far along one meaning surface," says Paulos. "Then comes the punch line... the service provides the man with a penguin. We are suddenly jumped across an ambiguity in semantics, from one surface of meaning to another, in a way that can be represented by a mathematical catastrophe."

True, it would be easy to exaggerate the importance of this insight, but the effort should be made. After all, a surefire way to penetrate even the most obscure jokes would be a blessing to any era. And in this time, a humor-detector promises to provide the precise guide that is the very thing Americans need.

Certainly Americans are getting some laughs, but often of a low quality and seldom provoked by real humor. Laughter fans instead rely more and more on professional comedians. Many are so desperately in need that they even laugh at Don Rickles or Joey Bishop. Meanwhile, fewer and fewer people partake of the real humor that is all around. Studio audiences at TV talk shows of the Mike Douglas genre tend to laugh at the host, presumably for nervous relief. But they frequently fail even to chuckle when the list of guests is proclaimed, even though such lists usually contain more jokes than the show.

Newspaper readers commonly manifest an obliviousness to real humor. Many read Columnist Anthony Lewis, or even Evans and Novak, without a single yuck. Book buyers remain so unaware of the laughable nature of writings by Erica Jong and Ayn Rand that store owners usually mix these scribbles with

serious fiction. Similarly unalert book shoppers often fail to flash even an anticipatory grin when reaching for the hard-cover jokes of, say, Desmond Morris (*The Naked Ape*). In the larger world of affairs, it has been years since George Gallup or Louis Harris reported that even one American spontaneously guffawed when solicited for an opinion about U.S. political leadership.

Plainly, no nation that has survived 95 Congresses and exalted the portrait of a soup can as a work of art and adopted John Wayne as an elder statesman can be written off as hopelessly serious. Such a nation could easily retain its sense of humor while losing some of its capacity to recognize real jokes. And this is what has happened.

The public's peculiar blindness to real humor surely was certified by the absence of hilarity in 1976 when a politician actually promised never to tell a lie. That was the most sensa-



tional one-liner to reach the hustings since a certain utilities commission candidate named Carter—the late Jerry Carter—announced he was a cheap politician because his Florida constituents could not afford an expensive one. Admittedly, some small special skill may have been called for to recognize the never-lie promise for what it was: a punch line for which a joke would follow only later.

Now, happily, such a lapse need never happen again. With Dr. Paulos' breakthrough, Americans may have the means to recover the capacity to spot baloney no matter how it is sliced. The hopeful thing is that since the theory is based on numbers, it can be handled by a pocket calculator. Modern U.S. technology could, and certainly should, translate Paulos' insights into a portable Joke-Ometer. With the distribution of such a gadget, up will go the gross national laugh.

At the TV set, the J-O, as it might be called, will be handy for finding out what, if anything, is funny about the alleged jokes that precede the canned laughter. The J-O will add popular pleasure to every political campaign, for Paulos ventures the definition of a joke that is the very essence of smart political rhetoric—"a sort of structured ambiguity."

The J-O surely will be a good tool to have at hand in the presence of any State of the Union message, any advertisement praising airline food, any prose describing the coming fashions. With the J-O, the public will begin to get at the deeper essence of Oscar award thank-yous, car-repair estimates, appliance guarantees and the thinking of Herman Kahn (*Thinking About the Unthinkable*). J-O-armed people will start responding with appropriate horselaughs to anybody coming along claiming to "relate" or to be "into my body." Laymen will be able to join former Harvard Economics Professor John Kenneth Galbraith in seeing economics as a fundamentally humorous science, in which "we must explain that a country can have inflation or recession but never both." People will discover that Dial-A-Joke as an idea is funnier than anything likely to be heard on a tape when the number is dialed.

In short, happy days could be here again. Not utopia, however. Far more often than now, Americans will discover that the public itself is the butt of some of the biggest jokes around. In such cases, laughter might be reduced. Still, half a laugh is better than none.

—Frank Trippett



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